Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE. MECHANIC ARTS. LITERATURE. NEWS, &c.

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Maine Farmer.

S. L. BOARDMAN, Agricultural Editor.

Calendar of Events to Occur.

NEW ENGLAND FAIR—In connection with the New Hampshire State Fair at Manchester, N. H., Sept. 7–10. For particulars address Col. Daniel Needham, Sec'y of the New England Agricultural Society, at the Boston Headquarters, No. 45 Milk St., corner of Devonshire St.; also to Col. Geo. W. Riddle, Treasurer, Manchester, N. H.; and to Aaron Young, esq., Sec'y New Hampshire State Society, Portsmouth, N. H.

MAINE STATE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE AND THE MECHANIC ARTS—July 31st, Prize declamation by the Sophomore Class. Aug. 1, baccalaureate address of President Allen. Aug. 3 and 4, Examinations of classes. Aug. 2, Prize Essays by Junior Class. Aug. 4, Commencement Exercises. Aug. 5, Examination for admission to the College.

MAINE STATE FAIR—Combined exhibition of State Agricultural, State Pomological, State Dairymen's and State Stock Breeders Societies at Presumpscot Park, Portland, Sept. 21—24.

COUNTY EXHIBITIONS—Androscoggin, Lewiston, Oct. 5—7; Oxford, South Paris, Oct. 5—8; Western Hancock, Bucksport, Oct. 6—8; North Franklin, Phillips, Sept. 29—30; Waldo, Belfast, Oct. 11—13; Sagadahoc, Topsham, Oct. 12—14; Lincoln, Waldoboro', Oct. 12—14; Aroostook, Houlton, Sept. 23—24; Cumberland County, West Cumberland, Oct. 5—7; Washington, Pembroke, Sept. 29—30.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY: Regular Meetings of Granges—Dirigo, Brunswick, Saturday evenings; Eastern Star, Hampden, Tuesday evenings; Forest, Lee, Saturday evenings; Golden Harvest, Carmel, Wednesday evenings; Northern Light, Winterport, Thursday evenings; Naples, Monday evenings; Queen City, Bangor, Saturday evenings; Riling Star, East Knox, Saturday evenings; Somerset, South Norridgewock, Tuesday evenings; Victor, Fairfield Center, Thursday evenings.

Vitality of Seeds.

Will you please inform me in regard to how old different seeds will have to be before they will cease to germinate, or partially lose their vitality. I have been in the habit of buying fresh garden seeds every year. In what cases is it necessary?

Bangor. SUBSCRIBER.

Although the subject of the above inquiry is a little unseasonable just now, it is full of interest, and is one always worthy of consideration.

Wonderful stories have been told of the great length of time to which certain seeds will retain their vitality; and every little while we see the statement travelling through the papers that wheat which was "unearthed" from the hand of an Egyptian mummy, and which must certainly have been 2,500 years old, germinated readily and produced an enormous yield. Stories quite as marvelous have also found their way into the works of authors generally accepted as correct, to the effect that raspberry seeds have germinated when 1700 years old; that the seeds of lucern, heliotrope and similar plants found in the Roman tombs dating from the second or third Christian era, have germinated, and that beans 200 years old, from the collection of the celebrated Tournefort, germinated perfectly. But the best authorities on the subject regard these and similar instances as unsupported by facts and altogether improbable. Indeed, Prof. Gray thinks it very unlikely that wheat would germinate it it were no more than thirty or forty years old. While it is true that some seeds will, under the same circumstances, retain their vitality much longer than others, it is believed by vegetable physiologists that the *conditions* have more to do with the retention of vitality than the character of the seeds. These conditions are a particular amount of dryness, the absence of light and the exclusion of air—and where all these are present in the right proportions, seeds will retain their vitality, for a very great period of time. It is also true that the vitality of some seeds appears almost imperishable while they remain in the situation in which nature deposits them. Thus when a forest is cut down or burnt over, the land comes up with trees and plants of a totally different species from that which previously occupied the ground; and when dead earth is thrown up to the influence of sun and air there at once springs up a growth, in some cases, unlike anything found in the vicinity. In these cases the seeds of the new crop may have been brought by the wind, by birds, or other agencies; but in many instances this explanation is not probable.

Hardly less wonderful than the power of retaining vitality under favorable conditions, is that which many seeds have of resisting the most terrible attacks. It has been stated that when wine has been made from raisins, and the refuse scattered over fields as manure, it has been observed that the grape seeds have vegetated and produced young vines; and this notwithstanding the boiling and fermentation they have had to endure. The seeds of elderberries have also been known to grow after similar trials. Experiments have also shown that seeds will bear a far greater amount of unnatural heat and cold, without injury, than the plants themselves.

Generally the principle of life in seeds is evanescent. In a great many cases it is with extreme difficulty they can be transported from one country or climate to another; and to insure their vegetation, it is necessary to plant them within a limited space of time. Seeds which have a close, hard exterior, as wheat, turnip, cabbage, beans, &c., will under ordinary conditions retain their vitality for many years and will grow readily at twenty years old. On the other hand light seeds, having a somewhat perishable covering, as carrot, cucumber, beet, parsnip, &c., soon die, and it is not safe to plant them beyond the second year. Indeed it frequently occurs that seed called only one year old, even then fail to come up. In regard to garden seeds it is always safest to procure seeds of new stock every year, and then plenty of disappointment from their want of vitality will be experienced.

Maine Jersey Association.

The first meeting of the Maine Pure Blood Jersey Stock Association, held under its charter received from the Legislature last winter, took place at Winthrop, the headquarters of the Association on Saturday, 26th, ulto. The attendance was quite large, the transactions of much interest, and the feeling among the members harmonious and satisfactory. The Association voted, among other things, to hold a State, exhibition of Jersey Stock at Winthrop sometime the coming fall: and to publish the Herd Register of the Association. The following officers were elected:—Lloyd H. Snell of Winthrop, President; Samuel Kimball, West Waterville, and Seth N. Kent, Bucksport, Vice Presidents; N. R. Pike, Winthrop, Secretary and Treasurer; Hon. C. A. Wing, Winthrop, Samuel Guild, Augusta, and C. S. Robbins, Winthrop, Directors; N. R. Pike, Amos Wheeler and S. T. Floyd, Committee on pedigrees. The Association will meet again August 7th; and meanwhile parties wishing to have animals recorded or desiring additional information, are requested to correspond with the Secretary.

Marbleized Slate and its Manufacture.

Not long ago we made a brief visit to the works of the Mayfield Slate company situated in Skowhegan, which is somewhat extensively engaged in the manufacture of marbleized slate goods; and as everything relating to the industries of our State is of interest to all readers, we present a few notes concerning this company and its operations.

The company has been in existence for some four years, having been formed originally for the purpose of working its quarries in Mayfield for the manufacture of roofing slate. But finding that the slate was not of suitable quality for roofing purposes, or rather that it did not possess good grain to "rift" well; and still wishing to turn the product to utility, the managers of the company decided to embark in the business of making the marbleized slate goods, which have become so popular, and which are produced at but two or three localities in the United States. Accordingly about a year and a half ago, the manufacture of marbleized slate was begun at the companies works at Skowhegan. The quarry of the company is situated in the town of Mayfield about twenty-three miles north of Skowhegan, and the slate in its rough state is transported this distance by heavy teams. At the factory the first operation is the planing of the slabs into the required forms and patterns for the goods which are to be made. Afterwards they are painted in accordance with the style they are designed to represent when completed, and then baked or heated in a furnace especially prepared for the purpose. The painting of the slabs in imitation of the rare marbles of Foreign and American production is a secret art, but we imagine it is not unlike the marbleing of paper and the edges of books—one of the inventions for which we are indebted to some of the unknown geniuses of the old Dutch school. This process completed, and the slabs are polished ready for the market—there being in all seven different processes before they are finished. Among the styles manufactured by this company are the Egyptian, Black and Gold, Blood Stone, Agate, Verd Antique, Mosaic, Red Pyrenees, Malachite, Porphyry, Galway, Spanish, Lapis-lazuli, Lisbon, Brocatello, Lienna, Jasper and many others. Those who are curious to know the combination of colors of each of these styles, may obtain the information by addressing the agent of the company, who will forward them a little pamphlet giving this and other interesting facts in regard to the business and the goods.

The slate employed for this purpose is unsurpassed for solidity, fineness and purity of quality. It is very durable, and the ease with which it may be wrought into the most elaborate designs, and into any form desired—are strong points in its favor. Besides it is much cheaper than marble; is not affected by change of atmosphere, temperature and climate; will sustain a much greater pressure, and will not like real marble, receive stains from oils, acids, coal gas or smoke. Mantles, bracket shelves, table and bureau tops, sinks—are among the goods manufactured by this company; and we spent some time in looking over the different styles and designs, all of which were ornamental and elegant: while at the same time they are so economical, useful and reasonable in price as to be possessed by any man who is building a house for himself. We recommend an examination of the goods made by the Mayfield company, by all those who are building or remodeling their dwellings, feeling sure that among some of the many styles manufactured they will find that which will suit their fancy and their purse. The company has a capital stock of $150,000, and when all departments of its works are in operation, gives employment to from thirty to forty men; turning out about seventy-five mantles per month, besides shelves and other miscellaneous work. That the shares of the company are now selling at their par value, is evidence that its affairs are well managed and its goods in active demand. M. Morrill, Esq., of Lewiston is President of the company; and Mr. T. R. Hazzard of Skowhegan, the agent and superintendent.

Editorial Notes.

The Cumberland county fair is announced to take place at West Cumberland in connection with the Cumberland Farmers' Club on the 5th, 6th, and 7th, of October. This is the fortieth exhibition of this society, whose fairs have always been successful; and as it is officered by the same gentlemen who have had to do with its affairs for many years, a good exhibition may reasonably be expected. Into the make-up of the premium list, the Trustees have put good judgment and liberal figures; and we thank them especially, for offering, in the miscellaneous class, "a year's subscription to the MAINE FARMER, post paid," for "any article produced or manufactured in the county, considered of excellence in its line." On the second day, is to come off a stallion race, open to the State for a purse of $500, viz:—$250, to first, $150, to second, and $100, to third. President of the Society, S. T. Raymond, Cumberland Mills. Entries may be made to Samuel Dingley, Sebago Lake; or M. W. Pearson, Assistant Secretary, West Cumberland.

At a season when so many are away to the mountains and streams, to the woods and lakes, and wish to be informed of what is going on in all parts of the country in regard to angling, fishing, rowing and all out door sports, as well as correct information on every branch of natural history—we cannot do better than call their attention to that model out door paper, *Forest and Stream*, edited by Charles Hallock, and published at 17 Chamber St., New York. It is a large 16 page quarto, trimmed and stitched and furnished at $5 a year in advance.

It may interest our Nova Scotia readers (where we have a large list of subscribers) to know that one of the best colts in that Province is owned by Mr. Eldred Rockwell of Billtown. He is called T. S. Lang, and was got by Lander's Knox, by Gen. Knox, out of Brown Bell, a Nelson Mare. He is two years old; 16 hands high; a blood bay, with black points; weiges 1000 lbs, and can now trot in 3 1-2, on a common road. He was raised by W. C. Bill Esq., and is considered one of the best made up colts of his age ever bred in the Province.

The Winthrop cheese factory is now taking about 4000 pounds of milk per day, which is 1000 more than at any time last year. This, it is well known, is mainly a full blood Jersey factory, so to speak; and its product ranks very high in the markets of our State.

Willard's Practical Butter Book.

The little manual with the above title, to which we have before alluded, appears to be well filled with useful, and, a the name of the book claims, practical information on the butter dairy. It is introduced, most appropriately, with a somewhat lengthy account of the breeding and management of the butter cow; and while the book is intended to represent factory practice and manipulation—a most useful chapter is devoted to farm dairying, "from which," says Mr. Willard, "comes the great bulk of the poor butter" which finds its way to market. He investigates the causes of this which are mainly lack of cleanliness, want of proper dairy utensils, the need of a good dairy room with proper apparatus, neglect in manipulating the cream at the right time, unskilful working, packing and storing the butter, and finally lack of knowledge in a part or the whole of the process required for making a prime article—a formidable array, surely; any one of which would positively lower the quality of the butter made, into the composition of which it entered, as an ingredient; and where the whole were present no wonder the quality of the article would be "poor." Mr. Willard gives suggestions and information for overcoming these difficulties, and his advice will be of great value to private dairymen. In fact, while his book is mainly intended for factory butter makers, it will well pay its cost if purchased by the farm dairyman as a guide to the butter performance of his operations. Published by the Rural Publishing Co., New York.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Farming Don't Pay!—Is it a Fact?

How often do we hear this assertion, and yet who, taking an an average of farms, of crops and of seasons, is prepared to affirm its correctness? There is but one thing that will give positive proof, and this is something that not one farmer in fifty does. I refer to keeping farm accounts. When this is done we can readily determine whether farming pays or not, and further we can tell what particular crops and branches of husbandry return an income or run us in debt. Because that at the end of the year we have no ready money, is not conclusive evidence that our farms have not paid running expenses and a fair per cent. of profit beside. The fact is, we ask too much of the farm. As the old proverb has it, we want to "eat our pudding and have it too;" or to simplify the matter, we want the conveniences and perhaps some of the luxuries of modern life, and yet have our ready money to put at interest or speculate with—and because we cannot do all this, come to the conclusion that farming don't pay.

We neither stop for any evidence in the case, or to make an investigation, but taking the assertion for the fact, commence to grumble and growl at everybody and everything. Nothing is right, nothing is just, and thus we keep on adding new power and strength to our grumbling, growling propensities, until finally we settle down a confirmed, hypochondriac and drag out a miserable existence—a torment to ourselves and to all around us. And why? Because in the beginning we would not take the pains to know whether the farm was paying or not, and if not what was the cause of its short comings? But settling the matter in our minds that it did not pay, we lost confidence, energy and ambition, and drifting outward and onward with the tide, speedily become a listless, careless farmer who, caring little whether anything paid or not, so long as pork and potatoes enough could be obtained to keep soul and body together, and call the farm work in so shiftless and hap-hazard a manner as to exclude all idea of profit.

This is a dark picture, and one too often seen, but let us turn to its opposite and see what might have been the effect of a little more energy, study and calculation, allied with prudence and economy at the commencement of the farmer's life. A full and correct account was kept with the farm, and also one of profit and loss, and from these at the end of the year we could readily learn whether the farm had paid a profit over the cost of carrying it on or not; what crops had been grown at a loss, and what was a profit; what stock had given us an income, and what had run us in debt; what had been the different items of expense, and where and for what our money had been expended—and thus, when at the end of the year, as the merchants say, "we take account of stock," even if we find that we have received but a small per cent. of interest on the capital invested, we should yet have confidence and courage to go ahead, and some data from which to draw conclusions to remedy the defects in the succeeding year's operations. And if in addition to this we would keep a record of the time of planting and harvesting, the condition of the weather, the soil and the crops, at stated intervals during the year, we could in a few years obtain an experience and data upon which to base calculations for future work, worth many times its cost.

And, too, the farmer who has gone thus far, will not stop here. He knows too well the benefit of study, calculation and investigation, that they not only lighten his labor, but give him a higher reward for that labor; he is an open-hearted, care-free, jolly man; he drains his land, top-dresses his grass fields and keeps his tillage free from weeds; his stock is sleek, fat and healthy, and everything around his premises has a look of thrift, of neatness and of content. He reads the papers and studies the books, and from both gathers many pertinent suggestions that are to be beneficial in the future, and as he passes along through life, is but little troubled with fears or cares, and is, therefore, a good-natured, pleasant friend. As we read, not long since, "the old adage be good and you will be happy, is hardly correct—it would be more so if it read be happy and you will be good;" and we thought it applied admirably to this farmer's life which we have just sketched.

The reader may think we have painted the extreme pictures, and while we will concede this, yet we have no doubt but the different paths may end with as dark or as bright a picture as is here drawn.

Hillside Farm, Wilton. S. G. FOSTER.

For the Maine Farmer.

What the Cheese Factories are Doing.

Dixmont Cheese Factories.

There are two factories in this town, one of which is at Dixmont Corner, called the "Cold Spring." The size of this building is 30x90, 18 feet post. Phillip Zost of New York, is superintendent of the factory. The stock in this company is in shares of $25 each. They are now receiving 2600 lbs. of milk per day. This is a fine grazing region, and the farmers are much pleased with the enterprise. The factory of the "Mountain Cheese Company" is located at Simpson's Corner. The shares are $10 each. Size of building, 30x60 feet. P. J. Boyington of South Newburg, is superintendent. The amount of milk received per day is 3200 lbs. Both of these factories are doing well, and I learn they have been troubled to get cans in which to carry their milk.

North Newburg Factory

Is located in North Newburg, near Whittier's Corner, and has just started up. Size of building, 32x60, 20 feet posts. John Dearborn, superintendent. They are getting about 4800 lbs. of milk per day, from about 200 cows. I am told that a part of the milk from this neighborhood goes to Hermon Factory, which of course lessens the amount here.

South Newburg Factory.

Building 34 x 50. This factory has been running two years, and is one of the best in the State. Cheese from this factory last year stood No. 1, in market. E. H. Boyington of Newburg, has charge of the factory, and it only requires a look inside to show that he understands his business. Everything is in proper order. He has a regular system for doing his work, and the result is they are getting some of the best cheese to be found in Maine, or any where else. They are now receiving 6400 lbs. of milk per day, and expect to increase it to about four tons. They use two of Raph's heaters, and Mr. Boyington has one of McAdams' English Curd Mills, which must be a nice thing, as it cuts the curd into fine pieces, which saves a good deal of hard labor. Mr. B. uses a common pronged hoe, with which to stir the curd, and says he can do it much easier and quicker, besides he can mix in the salt more evenly. Other factories would do well to try this method.

The Carmel factory, located at Carmel village, is a building 32x55, 20 feet post. The shares of the company are $25 each. J. U. Piper of South Newburg, is superintendent. Amount of milk received per day, 3200 lbs. J. P. CLARK.

Carmel, June 28.

For the Maine Farmer.

An Address at the FaIr.

In the early days of cattle shows in our state—when, if ever, they were conducted solely with the view to promote progress in the agriculture of the state—it was the almost universal custom to have an address before the society on one of the days of the exhibition. It was an important feature, and one never to be omitted. As years went on, and new features were introduced into the exhibition, the address received less attention, at least by the managers, if not by the people assembled, till with many of the societies it dropped from the programe entirely. Our State Society, to which we should be able to look with a just pride as an example in all the features of its exhibitions worthy to be followed by similar societies laboring in narrower fields of usefulness, long since prescribed this important feature. Recently it has gone still further, and has shut off the evening discussions, where the noted farmers and visitors in attendance were wont to assemble for the purpose of comparing opinions and various matters relating to the business in which they are engaged. Thus the only "intellectual" feature left, now finds no place to be introduced.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am so fogyish as to believe this is all wrong. I believe that dropping these intellectual feasts from our exhibitions is not progressive in its tendency. Instead I can but look upon it as retrograde in its tendency. Why has the present course been adopted? Has it been found that public addresses at the fairs were productive of evil results? Has it been found that evening discussions, where distinguished individuals, noted for their wisdom in practical agriculture, and whose names are frequently found in the agricultural journals of the day, can be seen and heard by all present, and especially, by the rising generations of farmers—have worked injury to the cause we would encourage? If I could believe this, then I, too, would banish all such features from the fairs. No one contends that this has been the cause.

It is sometimes argued that the common farmer takes no interest in an address—that very few will take the trouble to listen if one is introduced. Quite likely this is true to a certain extent; and if it be, it certainly is no argument why the practice should be discontinued. Are we to advocate only that which is popular in agriculture, or are we to point out new and better practices? An address—and the evening discussions to a certain extent—is addressed to the intellect of the farmer, and engages his mental faculties. It is admitted by all that isolated labor upon the farm tends to lead away from mental discipline—that muscle instead of intellect is developed thereby—that the natural tendency of life on the farm is away from all that is intellectual. This being the case, it should be the aim to counteract this in all proper ways. Instead then of discontinuing all intellectual features at the annual fairs, it should be the aim of the managers to introduce such features to the greatest possible extent. If it be a fact—which I do not admit, that there is a growing dislike to such exercises, then all the more is it necessary to press them upon the attention of those whom it is wished to benefit.

Recently some of our county societies have again adopted the practice of having an address at the annual fair; and their example in this respect is certainly to be commended to other societies. Some of them, however, are open to criticism, in not providing a proper place for its delivery and comfortable seats for the hearers. This is the chief reason that closer attention is not given to its delivery. In some cases it is delivered from the judge's stand with the would be hearers seated at so great a distance as to render it difficult to hear, and utterly impossible to catch the magnetism of the speaker or enter into the spirit of the discourse, while the various surroundings have no effect to overcome these unfavorable conditions. In other cases it is delivered in the exhibition hall, to a standing audience, continually moving from discomfort, and unable to confine their attention to what is being said, however interested, from the noise and disquiet around. It is not strange that the people appear to take but little interest in such exercises under such conditions.

If it is expected that a speaker will make himself interesting, and that the audience will give undivided attention to what he has to say, such arrangements should be corrected. Form a procession at the exhibition hall, led by the band in attendance, and march to some quiet hall or church vestry, where the audience can be comfortably seated, and can listen to and enjoy what is said. No matter if the rabble be left behind—they will not listen to ever so able an address anywhere—so that those who wish to listen can do so in quiet and comfort. Far greater would be the influence of such exercises, far more popular would they become than as in many cases now managed.

The plea is sometimes made that farmers have no sympathy with kid gloved orators whose hands never have been hardened with farm labor and who have no sympathy with farm life other than to tickle the ear of the farmer for selfish ends. Doubtless there is some truth in the argument. We have among us, however, practical farmers, conducting and working on their own farms, who are good public speakers, and can interest an audience on such occasions—and with whom the listening farmers may have full sympathy. Some of these have at times been called out on such occasions, and so far as I know have been well received.

It is hoped that this and similar features may receive increased attention at the next autumn fairs. A FARMER.

For the Maine Farmer.

Notes from Waldo County.

Farmers in Waldo County are waking up to their own interest in one respect; that is, the evil of raising and selling from the farm so much hay and potatoes. There are many farms that show plainly the effect of this constant drain on the soil without paying back anything in the way of manure. Farms as a consequence are running out, cutting less and less hay every year. Associated dairying is one of the means which will bring our farms under a higher state of cultivation. By keeping more cows, eating more hay, grain and potatoes, we shall add to our manure heaps, which are the farmers mines from which they must draw their wealth and without which they cannot succeed.

I recently visited the new cheese factory at Winterport where they have completed one of the best factory buildings in Maine. This building is 32 x 60 feet 22 feet post, giving three nice, airy rooms. They have spared no pains in finishing, and everything has been done in a thorough and workmanlike manner. Mr. Campbell the President, tells me they will receive the milk from about 180 cows. He thinks the whole cost of building with apparatus, will not exceed $2,000. The company have done a good deal of the work themselves thus saving expence. This is a fine grazing section and the building situated in a central locality affording every facility for carrying on the business successfully.

I spent a pleasant half hour with Fred Atwood, Esq., in looking over his henery, which I found to be one of the best arranged I have ever visited. Mr. Atwood tells me that he considers his Leghorns and Brahmas the best layers, which agrees with my own experience. Mr. Atwood was one of the first movers in Waldo County towards organizing a cheese association. The several factories are all expecting an increase of business this summer. Grass is looking finely, and we must get another good hay crop. There is a large amount of pressed hay in this country which will be summered over. J. R. C.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Word about Secret Societies.

In my younger days I thought it was mere stubborness or selfwill that possessed some people, that they differed so wilfully in their views from the general mass of the community, but age has worn off this idea, and I am now of the opinion that man is so constituted that it is as much impossible for all men to think alike as it is to resemble each other in personal appearance. Your correspondent, Mr. Reed, in his article published in your columns respecting the Grangers, seems to be a gentleman who differs in his opinions in regard to secret societies from a large majority of the people, though I am not a member of the society of Grangers, I think the time has fully come for the farmers to organize for their mutual protection, and I know of no means by which it could have been brought about in a more certain manner, than by a general combination without publishing to the world, or rather to all those who have been reaping the reward of the hard labors of the husbandman, all their plans.

Our farmers constitute that large and industrious portion of our population which produce the wealth of our country. If a country or community is without agriculture, property is in the hands of the few, while in a community dependent on agriculture, property is more equally divided. We have to look back but a few decade of years to realize this fact. Fifty years ago every little village had its hatter, clothier, miller, tanner, shoemaker, etc., while at the present time nearly all the business of manufacture are concentrated or owned in our large cities, and those who furnish food for all are obliged to procure what their farms do not produce, by paying a per centage to three or four middlemen, and the sales of the products of their farms have to pass through the same form before reaching the consumer. By this method of trade producers are forced to give nearly all the profits of their labor to a class of men who, though they sow not, reap the profits of the harvest of the laboring farmer.

In regard to his opposition to *all* secret societies—if he belongs to any political party, religious organization or any other organized body, he is himself a member of a secret society. Political parties have their secrets, (if the masses do not the leaders do,) and there is not a church in the land that make public all their transactions, or the little frailties of some wayward member. Neither is there a corporation or even a family that is willing that all their transactions should be known to the world. Even communities of little children have secrets which they keep from others, and a person who makes public stock of all his plans and transactions, would themselves prove a loser thereby. The bugbears of secret societies, when found out, do not generally prove such goblins as some have supposed. A person of a penetrating mind can generally study out the secret signs, words and cabalistic letters of the society as easily as they can the conundrums and enigmas in the Farmer's Almanac. For instance, he will find one of our secret orders use the cabalistic letters H. T. W. S. S. T. K. S., which in plain English reads: "He That Will Smoke Spanish Tobacco Knows Something."

There is no class of laborers that work so hard for the compensation they receive, as the tillers of the soil. While in nearly all other occupations but ten and even eight hours are required as a day's labor, a large majority of farmers work from sunrise to sunset, exposed to the heat of a scorching sun in the hotest weather of our seasons. I agree with Mr. R. as to admitting members who are not engaged in farming, as a bad policy. Such persons would probably seek admission for more than their share of its benefits, and if the society, as such, should ever see fit to use their influence politically, those persons would manage to become leaders, and want all the offices and emoluments. Instead of having their head centre at Washington city, or any other great political point, it should be in some agricultural locality. The farmers generally are a conservative class in money matters, and as they earn their money by hard labor, would not relish the idea of their funds being expended by their head officers in purchasing extensive orange plantations in Florida for their personal benefit, as some of the newspapers devoted to the interest of the order insinuate has been done. M.

For the Maine Farmer.

On Training Steers.

The great secret of all government is self government. The man who does not govern himself is unsuitable to govern a school, a family, or even a team. A neighbor recently remarked to me, "You have a faculty of charming steers." I replied that this was a mistake. I simply study their nature and adapt myself to that nature. In approaching them, (whether they are under the yoke or not,) though I may "come with a rod," yet I always come "in love." If I am in a hurry, and a steer is in my path, I never give him a kick, or a thrust, with a yell, "get out of my way," but instead I allow him the path while I pass quietly by, gently rubbing him with the hand, as I pass. The pressure of the hand on the animal has a powerful influence in training him, and I had rather engage to bring two yoke of steers to a state of good working discipline, than tame one pair that had been taught to fear the presence of man. I think of several illustrations, but will mention one that others may "go and do likewise." Yesterday I was carting with a pair of steers that were impatient about starting. Whenever they started too soon, I would back them to the very spot, from which they started, and rub their heads, or pick off loose hair from their bodies, and in one-half hour the change in their general appearance was surprising. In handling them, I always endeavor to pursuade them that even the good cannot harm them. When I yoke them, which I do at all ages after the first 10 months, (though I consider from 1 1-2 to 2 1-2 years the best age for their discipline,) I usually place them in front of a yoke of well trained oxen or steers large enough to anchor them safely. At first I attach a line to the horns of the off steer, making it fast to the bow of the near one, thereby preventing him from turning his head too far to the right. This is not usually necessary after once yoking. I also hold another line in my hand attached to the horns of the near one, or if he is too hard to manage, I put a snap in his nose. Of course they are frightened at first, but after a few minutes they will walk off quietly. I travel beside my rear cattle, using appropriate language, speaking just what I mean, and no more, at the same time showing by means of my goad and line the meaning of my words. In ordinary cases I can remove my line from the near one after one hour, calling them to without it. After handling them on the lead one day I can use them on a drag or a light log, and next, the cart. As I always approach them quietly, they have no inclination to retreat from my presence, though they may sometimes try to run, as it is natural for all growing animals so to do. The "Golden Rule" does not come amiss, even in training steers, and I will treat them, as I thiuk I would desire to be treated were I in their condition.

Human nature and bovine nature are synonymous in a great degree, and as we encourage trustworthiness in our children by trusting them, so far as it is safe, but no farther—in like manner I will trust my steers so far, and only so far as I confidentially can do so. As soon as they can be termed handy I give the near one an occasional lesson in the yard without the yoke, teaching him the elementary tactics in "single file." I then change their places under the yoke, putting the off one on the near side, and after he becomes handy there I teach him the tactics singly also; after which, as both are disciplined to work on either side, I can place them together without any yoke or other attachment, and move them to and from the pasture and where else I please. I never whip them except in rare cases of stubbornness, (which are nearly as scarce as hen's teeth,) and then not severely, but calmly and candidly, without exciting fear in the animal; and the moment he yields, treat him with the greatest possible kindness. I always give each steer a distinct name, naming them after the yankee custom, allowing the color, spots, lines, horns, etc., to guide me in this matter, and I always call him by that name, on whichever side he may chance to work, naming the steer and not the place where he works. This may seem boyish to some, but my reason is that in changing owners they will be less liable to have their names changed. Here let me advise farmers not to allow themselves to become slaves to any one pair of names because their last oxen bore those names, neither does it follow that because an ox is called "Star" for the spot in the forehead he must always work on the near side; but in buying, be sure to ascertain the name of each ox, and in selling do not fail to impart the same knowledge to the buyer. The changing of names is very injurious to the discipline of well trained oxen. I frequently accustom steers to be handled with myself on the off side with the rod in the left hand, which I find very convenient in loading hay, back-furrowing beside fences, banks, ditches, &c. I am engaged to some extent in educating steers for others interested in this important matter themselves; and I have given my method in as simple a form as possible, hoping that it may be of practical benefit to some brother farmer who raises steers, but dislikes to handle them. For my own information as well as that of others, I hope to see this subject discussed in the FARMER by some of your abler correspondents. Z. S. PARKER.

West Farmingdale.

List of Judges

For the Approaching State Fair at Portland Sept. 21-24, 1875.

The following named persons have been appointed by the Executive Committee, to officiate as Judges at the coming Fair. Should errors occur in the name or post office of any parties affected by the error, they are requested to notify the Secretary, that corrections may be made in the Schedule of Premiums.

Short Horns. J. R. Nelson, Winthrop; John F. Jennys, Leeds; William Warren, Scarboro'; George W. Douglass, Pittston; Hiram Morse, Lyndon.

Jerseys. Julius Hallett, West Waterville; O. O. S. Hooper, Biddeford; B. R. Bradford, Turner; A. L. Bradbury, Phillips; Daniel A. Cony, Augusta.

Ayrshires. Horace Colburn, Windsor; Charles H. Cobb, East Poland; T. B. Hunter, Strong; E. W. Anderson, Warren; Ephraim Spring, Kittery.

Herefords. Nathan Dane, Jr., Kennebunk; Granville Newman, Weld; S. N. Kent, Bucksport; Albert Crosby, Albion; M. A. Allen, Buckfield.

Holsteins. George Warren, Saccarappa; Howard G. Abbott, Vassalboro'; Robert Huston, Falmouth; William Swett, South Paris; W. C. Cushman, Avon.

Devons. John Morrison, Corinth; Jotham Allen, Alfred; J. B. Low, Readfield; John C. Stewart, Farmington; L. A. Dow, Waterville.

Pedigrees. Joseph Dane, Kennebunk; John R. Arey, Bucksport Centre; R. O. Conant, Portland.

Grades. Ira C. Doe, Saco; F. A. Butman, Dixmont; John Weston, Skowhegan; J. W. North, Jr., Augusta; A. G. Davis, Farmingdale.

Dairy Stock. Joel E. Shaw, West Hampden; N. B. Beal, Phillips; William Randall, Farmington; John R. Pulsifer, East Poland; Wm. H. Pearson, Vassalboro'.

Working Oxen and Steers. Z. S. Parker, West Farmingdale; Ellihu Lawrence, Fairfield Centre; H. H. Robinson, Brewer; L. L. Lucas, St. Albans; R. G. W. Dodge, Bluehill.

Draft Ozen and Horses, and Trained Steers. Wm. H. Deering, Saco; Daniel Hall, Fairfield; C. B. Smith, Denmark; George Clark, Unity; A. G. Thurlow, Poland.

Fat Cattle and Sheep. Henry Fowler, Portland; J. O. White, Portland; Elijah Smith, Bangor; Charles Sawyer, New Gloucester; D. H. Epper, Ellsworth.

Plowing. Wm. D. Hayden, Madison Centre; Wm. C. Barton, Windsor; Jonas Tarbox, Kennebunkport; John Dyer, Freeman; S. D. Greenleaf, Starks.

Sheep. Moses L. Wilder, Pembroke; Alonzo J. Hallett, West Waterville; John Hoyt, Phillips; E. H. Neally, Monroe; A. N. Greenwood, Larone.

Swine. C. B. Larkin, Augusta; W. E. Gibbs, Glenburn; W. W. Harris, Portland; N. E. Hardy, Bangor; C. M. Davis, Jefferson.

Poultry. J. A. Lord, Kennebunk; Chas. Stewart, Skowhegan; W. B. Neal, Gardiner; B. H. Lewis, Deering; Geo. B. Stockwell, East Eddington.

Horses. W. G. Davis, Portland; James Edgecomb, Cornish; S. T. Holbrook, Oxford; J. B. Watts, Thomaston; J. B. Wither, Winslow; J. B. Thompson, Benton.

Farm and Garden Crops. Ivory Lord, Saco; Samuel W. Tinkham, Anson; Samuel Dingley, Sebago Lake; Daniel Spooner, Sangerville; David S. Sanborn, Sabattus.

Farm Implements. J. R. Farrington, Orono; Peter W. Ayer, Freedom; Samuel S. Perley, Naples; I E. Mallett, Topsham; John Barker, Bethel.

Mechanics' Products. Horace Woodman, Biddeford; J. A. Green, North Waterford; Hiram Holt, East Wilton; W. P. Blake, W. Waterville; Charles Shaw, Dexter.

Household Articles. David Farrar, Lewiston; C. S. Robbins, Winthrop; Mrs. D. M. Dunham, Bangor; Mrs. J. W. Lang, Brooks; Mrs. W. Percival, Vassalboro'.

Factory Goods. Geo. W. Woodman, Portland; J. B. Ham, Lewiston; O. S. Brown, Dover; F. F. Faulkner, Turner; H. A. DeWitt, Augusta.

Domestic Fabrics. Mrs. H. S. Osgood, Augusta; Mrs. B. F. Hamilton, Biddeford; Mrs. Geo. Warren, Saccarrappa; Mrs. R. P. Thompson, North Livermore; Mrs. Luther Lord, East Surry.

Fancy Work. Mrs. S. H. Tewksbury, Mrs. M. S. Gibson, Portland; Mrs. B. F. Briggs, Auburn; Mrs. Sewell Cloudman, Gorham; Mrs. E. D. Toothaker, Brunswick.

Domestic Bread and Cake. Mrs. N. E. Shurtliff, Mrs. James S. Champlain, Portland; Mrs. Dr. A. Garcelon, Lewiston; Mrs. R. O. Conant, Portland; Mrs. B. F. Hamilton, Biddeford.

Castings, etc. J. P. Wise, Rockland; Wm. Conant, Belfast; H. M. Perkins, Portland; J. H. Decosta, Buckfield; F. C. Merrill, South Paris.

Boots, Shoes and Harnesses. William B. Hunt, Augusta; Wm. H. Rounds, Minot; Chas. J. Walker, Portland; Thomas Hersey, Bangor.

Geological, etc. Dr. W. B. Lapham, Augusta; Prof. Henry Carmichael, Brunswick; Geo. B. Barrows, Fryeburg; John C. Madigan, Houlton; S. S. Vose, Machias.

Miscellaneous. Senior Class State College, Orono.

Butter. Z. A. Gilbert & wife, East Turner; J. R. Nelson & wife, Winthrop; S. G. Foster & wife, Wilton.

Cheese. J. W. Rodgers & wife, Stetson; G. E. Brackett & wife, Belfast; J. E. Shaw & wife, West Hampden.

Dairies. E. W. Anderson, Warren; S. N. Kent, Bucksport; Sewell Goff, Mexico.

Dairy Apparatus. J. W. Lang & wife, Brooks; D. Spooner & wife, Sangerville; Ira E. Getchell, North Vassalboro'.

Reports. President, Secretary and Treasurer of the Dairymens' Association.

Essays. S. L. Boardman, Augusta; D. M. Hall, Bangor; Z. A. Gilbert, East Turner.

SAMUEL WASSON, Sec'y.

Woman's Department.

Literary Culture for Busy Women.

Systematic Work.

A lady writer in the *New York Tribune* gives a very pleasant and encouraging account of the triumphs won by certain working women, who made a systematic division of their time and labor, and so managed the work of the week as to have a few hours each day for reading, writing, music and mental and literary culture. Whenever the labor to be performed was merely mechanical, as was the case with much of the evening work, they would have some of the children read to them, and by this means, would not only interest the children, but become interested themselves. We copy a part of her letter as it is full of sensible encouragement, and gives examples of what has been already done:—

"Give your boy a Roman history and encourage him to tell you what he finds in it, and you will soon find him devouring the history of the world with a Roman zeal. I know a little boy of only nine years, who has been accustomed thus to entertain his mother since he could read at all, and today he knows more history and literature than many a lad twice his age, and is so much attached to certain fine old poems that he will drop everything at any time to read them to her

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, July 10, 1875.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

$2.00 IN ADVANCE, OR $2.50 IF NOT PAID WITHIN THREE MONTHS OF DATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Postage Free to all Subscribers.

☞ All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date in connection with the subscriber's name will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for moneys remitted by him.

☞ A subscriber desiring to change his post office direction or to discontinue his paper, must communicate to us the *name of the office to which it has previously been sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

Collectors' Notices.

MR. J. P. CLARK is now calling upon our Subscribers in Penobscot County. P. O. address Riverside.

The Caterpillar Invasion.

No person who has not seen for himself, will be likely to form any adequate idea of the amount of mischief wrought by the Forest-tent Caterpillar in the northern counties of the state, during the month of June. One day last week we left the cars at North Jay, and passed through portions of the towns of Jay, Wilton, Dixfield and Carthage to Weld, and had a good opportunity of witnessing the work of this scourge. The grass and other crops through this region, though somewhat backward are looking finely, and are in curious contrast to the trees which, stripped of their foliage, have the dreary aspect of winter. The leaves of the poplar, white birch, ash, elm and maple seem to be the favorite diet of this species of caterpillar, and these constitute the greater proportion of the forest growth in the section through which we passed. The larvæ are hatched in these forest trees and they have not generally attacked the orchards until they had first stripped the foliag from the other trees in their vicinity. This was well illustrated in the orchard of Dr. S. P. Bartlett which we examined at East Dixfield. A second growth of wood of the varieties we have mentioned is situated perhaps fifteen rods distant from the outside row of apple trees, and the latter remained intact until the forest growth was stripped of its foliage, then the vermin made a bee line for the orchard. The ground was literally covered with them and as no precautionary measures had been taken to protect the trees, the work of destruction was speedily begun. The trees in this orchard were young and thrifty and the Doctor determined on an effort to save them. He placed a strip of paper around the trunk of each tree about three feet from the ground and this he fastened with a string. He then applied to the paper a good coating of tar and the work was done. About a dozen trees which were attacked before the remedy was applied are completely stripped of their leaves, but the rest of the orchard is intact. Several other orchards which we noticed on the way had been protected in a similar manner and with similar results, but most of the old orchards have been abandoned to the enemy. These have now been stripped of their foliage for two successive years and while some of the trees are putting out buds for a new crop of leaves, others show no signs of vitality and must be seriously if not fatally injured. Many of the poplars and birches which have been stripped two years are already dead.

The work of devestation for this year is over and the larvæ are now preparing for that singular metamorphosis which renders them an interesting study to the naturalist. Before entering the chrysalis state each caterpillar rolls himself up in a leaf, often selecting for this purpose a leaf which he had rejected as food, and here he spins for himself a cocoon, which is to protect him during the transition state. Along the roadsides nearly every leaf which has not been devoured, now contains a cocoon, and seeing them rolled up presenting to view only the under surface, one unacquainted with the cause would suppose it to be the result of heat. We opened hundreds of these cocoons and found the chrysalis in every stage of development. In places where the undevoured leaves were insufficient for this purpose cocoons were found in various ferns, ground hemlocks and weeds.

There will be next to no apples raised in this usually fruitful section of the state, and we found the farmers much exercised concerning the future of this valuable product. They hope that like the grasshopper the caterpillar may disappear as suddenly and mysteriously as it came, but there is certainly no lack of effort on the part of the caterpillars themselves to propagate and multiply their species.

These disgusting vermin, aside from their destructiveness, have been a great nuisance to those inhabitants living near the margin of a wood and in this bleak country most farm buildings are thus sheltered. They have in many instances covered the outside of the house, and it has been found necessary to keep the doors and windows closed to prevent them from coming in and taking possession. One person informed us that he slaughtered so many of them upon his garden fence and house that the stench arising from their decomposing bodies become very offensive. We heard of one case where a little child swallowed one of them and lived but a few hours, and in another case a man's hand with which he had crushed them, became so inflamed as to necessitate amputation.

Probably Oxford and Franklin counties have suffered more than any other sections of the State, though many other places have not been exempt. They have been much more numerous and destructive this year than last and have extended their ravages over a much broader area. It is no wonder therefore that fruit-growers and others are solicitous concerning the future.

☞St. Paul said of himself, when taking leave of his Gentile friends at his departure for Jerusalem, that "he had coveted no man's silver or gold or apparel, but that his hands had ministered unto his necessities, and to them that were with him." We know of no man who has more faithfully followed this apostolic example than Rev. A. W. Cummings of Weld. Seventeen years ago he left a good farm in Sidney and went back to this interior town, purchased a small farm, and became the pastor of the Baptist church which had been gathered there. Since that time he has labored with this church, preaching every Sunday and latterly he has held a meeting half the Sabbath day at Weld and the other half at Berry's Mills in Carthage. During all these years, the entire compensation he has received does not amount to fifty dollars and the sums he has given away to his needy brethren are several times the amount of his receipts for preaching. Of course his sermons are not those finished productions such as are heard in the popular pulpits of the town, but they are forcible, full of practical ideas and well suited to the rural population to whom they are addressed. Mr. Cummings labors hard during the week, is both farmer and carpenter, and while his hands are busily engaged in work, he cons over and elaborates his discourses for the Sabbath. He is a genial, large-hearted, whole souled man, and much respected not only by the members of his church but by the entire people of the town.

☞On Friday, June 25, six persons were executed in different parts of the country, and on the day following seven persons committed suicide in the city of New York.

☞See G. & G. L. Taber's advertisement "Position Defined" in another column.

CITY NEWS AND GOSSIP. The temperance lecture by Mrs. Mason at Granite Hall, Sunday evening, was listened to by a full and interested house. She has fine oratorical powers, and her ideas were happily conceived and ably delivered.——The following members of Asylum Lodge, No. 70, I. O. of O. F. of this city, were duly installed as officers by District Deputy Wm. Hogan of Bath, Tuesday evening:—R. B. Capen, N. G.; W. B. Leighton, V. G.; A. L. Brown, Secretary; T. J. Trask, Treasurer. J. P. Forrest, Warden; H. F. Rockwood, Conductor; D. M. Davenport, O. G.; Geo. G. Mitchell, I. G.; C. F. Penney, Chaplain; E. F. Packard, R. S. N. G.; J. F. Rice, R. S. V. G.; C. R. Hall, R. S. S.; O. A. Gordon, L. S. S.——Rev. W. H. Dearborn preached very acceptably at the Winthrop street Universalist church Sunday morning and evening.——The horse of John Dolan stampeded through the Kennebec bridge last Friday, but no damage was done.——Hon. J. T. Woodard, late of the firm of Chase Brothers and Woodward, Seedsmen, has sold out his interest in the business and returned to this city.——An airing court was dedicated at the Insane Hospital Saturday.——Rev. Mr. Curtis of the Unitarian Church, was visited by about fifty of his parishioners Thursday evening, and was made the recipient of numerous articles in the housekeeping line. It was a very pleasant gathering.——The Sprague Manufacturing Company and twenty individuals and firms in this city, pay in the aggregate a tax of $20,728.62, or considerably more than one-fifth of the entire tax of the city.——Miss Addie B. Pillsbury and Miss Lizzie Vivian graduated last week at Lawrence University, located in Appleton, Wisconsin, and have returned to their homes in this city.——The Portland Museum Company had an enthusiastic reception at Granite Hall Wednesday evening. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was finely rendered. On Thursday evening the legendary drama of "Rip Van Winkle" was put upon the boards, and the performance was highly spoken of. ——Henry Clay, who was sentenced for six months to the Kennebec jail for attempting to break into Deane Pray's store, having served out his time has been discharged. Henry is a darky.——The pews in the First Baptist Church in this city, are to be made free, and preaching is hereafter to be sustained by voluntary contributions.——J. Donahoe and Hannah Berry were before the municipal court last week, and fined for an assault upon Catherine Donahoe. They produced the funds and were discharged. ——Quite a delegation from this city accompanied the Capital Guards to Portland on the 5th.——Morning papers were very scarce Tuesday.——The steamer Magnet has commenced its regular trips from the Kennebec to Boothbay and Squirrel Island. ——The heavy rain of Tuesday night did much damage to highways.——The salary of Mr. Lakin, steward and treasurer of the Insane Hospital has been raised from $1000 to $1200.——"Dublin Dan" at Granite Hall this (Thursday evening.)——J. H. Hartford has gone to Boothbay for rest and recreation. His health is very poor.——Mrs. Steward a colored woman who has been in the family of Darius Alden, Esq., for about 30 years, died suddenly Tuesday evening.

☞The City Council was called together by the Mayor Saturday afternoon, to take further action with regard to lighting the city lamps, but nothing was accomplished and the city is yet in darkness. There was an irreconcilable disagreement between the branches of the city government, the Common Council voting to heed the demands of the citizens and return to the old arrangement, and the Board of Aldermen putting in a proviso for an additional number of street lamps. The recent action of this branch in discontinuing the lighting of the city lamps, was had under the specious plea of economy, but we intimated last week that there was probably some motive which did not appear, and the sequel has fully justified our remark.

We are not now discussing the question of whether more lamps are needed, nor do we propose to at the present time, but if there is such a necessity, there are direct methods of providing for them, and the contemptible expedient resorted to for forcing the Common Council into concurrent action, is beneath the dignity which should characterize a deliberative body, and while we are not surprised that such a proposition should be made, we are astonished at the support it received. The public servants of the city have assumed the role of masters, and are evidently determined to carry out their insane project, regardless of public sentiment or demand.

A petition to the City Council asking that the streets may be lighted was in circulation Tuesday, and was numerously signed. While we do not believe such a petition will be heeded by the Board of Aldermen unless it is coupled with a provision for more lamps, it will show to outsiders that the citizens depiore the disgrace into which the city has fallen through mismanagement and misrule, and may therefore do some good.

The Governor and Council had a session until late Tuesday evening, and then in the inky darkness were obliged to feel their way to their boarding places; and this, too, in the capital city of the State, provided with street lamps, and amply able and willing to light them. There is no immediate remedy for this state of things, but there will be one within the power of the people by and by, and we shall be surprised if it is not made available when the time comes.

TAX PAYERS IN AUGUSTA. The Kennebec *Journal* publishes a list of Augusta tax payers for 1875 who pay a tax of seventy-five dollars and upward from which we make the following brief abstract:

The whole amount of valuation of taxable property in this city, as ascertained by the Assessors, is $4,567,577; whole amount of tax (exclusive of village school district tax) $96,508,54; aggregate of polls, 1719—an increase of 51 over last year.

The largest individual tax is that of Allen Lambard, $1416,60.

Those who pay a tax of $1000 and upwards are—James G. Blaine, $1085.00; James W. Bradbury, 1194.48; R. D. Rice, $1073.00; Geo. W. Stanley, 1040.80

The following individuals and firms resident here, pay a tax of $500 and upwards: E. C. Allen, $653.00; Darius Alden, $668.-60; Benj. H. Cushman, $616.00; Parrott & Chase, $578.00; W. M. Thayer, $548.70; Jos. H. Williams, $984.90; J. P. Wyman, $637.00; J. W. North, $665.66; Mrs. Sarah B. Bridge, $717.44; Wm. T. Johnson, $506.-20; Mrs. J. D. Judd, $773.70; L. W. Lithgow, $546.20; Henry R. Smith, $922.00; Ann M. Williams, $612 70

Of the corporations, the A. & W. Sprague Manf. Co., pay a tax of 4749.30; the Augusta Gas Light Co., $700.00; Ken. Land & Lumber Co., 922.00; Ken. & Port. R. R., 897.80.

The above does not include the village school district tax which is 25 cents on each hundred dollars of valuation.

☞Mrs. James P. Weeks of Vassalboro, sent us a beautiful bouquet containing several varieties of roses and other summer flowers. Some of the white roses grew upon a bush which was transplanted from Matinicus Isle to Jefferson over eighty years ago. From there it was carried to Vassalboro about 20 years ago. We thank Mrs. Weeks for this floral present.

☞J. W. Clapp, General Agent of the Berkshire Life Ins. Co., has removed his office from 154 1-2 Water St. to the corner of Water and Bridge streets, over Hamlin & Philbrook's dry goods store.

☞The Governor has nominated Gen. Wm. H. Titcomb of Rockland, to be Commissioner for the County of Knox, in place of W. M. Russell, resigned.

INDEPENDENCE DAY. The 99th Anivversary of our National Independence was very generally observed in Maine, either on Saturday or Monday. The most elaborate celebration in the State was held at Portland where there were millitary and civic displays, yacht Regatta &c. In Gardiner there was a yacht race on Saturday, and horse trot on Monday. In the latter, for three minute horses "John M." owned by J. F. Cowan of Gardiner took the first money in three straight heats, time 2.56 1-2, 2.59, 2.59 1-2. In the 2.50 class, L. J. Brackett's "Emperor" won in 2.47, 2.45, 2.51 and 2.47 1-4. Shaw and Harriman's Whitefield Maid took the second money. In the running match H. B. Bradstreet's "Dick" took the first money, "Prince" second, and "Wild Bill" third.

At Fairfield over five thousand persons visited the park during the afternoon. Over $1,000 were taken at the gate, ladies and children being admitted free. The first race was won by "Rival." Time 2.48, 2.44 1-2, 2.49 3-4. The second race was won by "Purity." Time 2.42, 2.45, 2.40 3-4. The third race was won by Dr. Fitzgerald's "Jim Fisk, Jr." Time 2.39, 2.39 1-2, 2.38 1-2. The foot race was won by H. Davis of West Waterville, who ran the half mile in 2.22 1-4. The entertainment closed with a good display of fireworks in the evening.

At Central Park, Augusta, Monday, there were three entries in the 2.50 class, and the purse ($125) was won by Lady Molcoma, owned by Charles Sylvester of Augusta. Best time 2.55. In the second race for three minute horses, there were seven entries. The purse ($100) was won by the "No Name," entered by W. Bodwell of Haverhill, Mass. Best time 2.53.

At Pembroke on Monday. C. H. Eaton's black mare Black Bess won the 2.50 race. S. B. Hill's gray mare Fairy second. Time 2.47. The sweepstake was won by C. H. Eaton's chestnut mare Nellie Eaton, S. B. Hill's gray mare Lady West second. Time 2.37 1-4

At the opening race at Unity Park, Monday, the purse was won by Joe Hooker in 2.36, Red Jacket second, Inca third.

CELEBRATION AT MEDWAY. A correspondent (B. L. F.) gives us an interesting account of the celebration at Medway on Saturday, which we are obliged to condense on account of the crowded condition of our columns:—"The exercises of the day were ushered in by firing salutes and the ringing of our church bells. At an early hour the Brass Band from Lincoln, (hired for the occasion by Golden Rule Lodge, I. O. of G. T.) together with Silver Star Lodge from Winn, and Sylvan Lodge of Mattawamkeag, and other invited guests, made their appearance in town, and were greeted with cheers of welcome. The procession was formed, marched to the Good Templars' hall, and from thence they were escorted to the Island, where preparations had been made for an extensive picnic. This island is situated at the forks of the Penobscot, and upon it there is a beautiful grove, making as pleasant a place as can be for miles for a celebration. As they came on to the island the first preparation coming to view was the "bean hole," where W. H. Chamberlain had several pots of genuine, yankee-baked beans, only awaiting the appointed hour to be uncarthed and come steaming to feed the multitude. Col. J. F. Twitchell, in a few well directed and pithy remarks, introduced Thomas M. Blakemore, esq., of Winn, as speaker of the day. The exercises, which were very interesting, consisted of an address by Hon. Geo. Cutler of Medway, and short speeches from several persons present, and music. After dinner an original ode was sung by Mr. C. E. Powers, concerning the Good Templars, of which he is an active member, and it called forth rousing cheers. In the evening there was a display of fireworks from the Bluff, followed by a social dance. Everything passed off pleasantly."

CENTENNIAL AT CAMBRIDGE. On Saturday a celebration was held at Cambridge, Mass., in commemoration of Washington assuming command of the Continental Army which event occurred at Cambridge on the third day of July, 1775. The exercises consisted of morning and evening salutes, a meeting in a tent on the Common at noon, when an oration was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Peabody of Harvard College, and a poem by James Russell Lowell, after which a dinner was served in the Harvard College Memorial Hall. During the dinner the tent was occupied by the children of the city, who gave a vocal and instrumental concert, and in the evening fireworks were displayed and a concert given.

This was an important event in the history of the war and how important we can understand better than they who welcomed his coming so cordially. Washington wrote in reply to encouraging words from Governor Trumbull, of Connecticut—"The cause of our common country calls us both to an active and dangerous duty; divine providence, which wisely orders the affairs of men, will enable us to discharge it with fidelity and success." Certainly no stronger proof could be found of the wisdom of providence in ordering the affairs of men than in the selection of a commander so perfectly adapted to the position he was called to fill, and so well fitted to control the circumstances that under another's guidance might have resulted in disaster and failure.

STATE AFFAIRS. The Governor and Council had a brief session at the State House, commencing Tuesday evening. A hearing was had in the long pending Coburn land case, but no decision was reached and the matter was put over to the next meeting. Cyrus F. Mitchell of York County, who is now working out a sentence in Auburn jail for the crime of perjury, was pardoned on the recommendation of the Judge who tried him, and the County Attorney. He has already served most of his sentence. The sentence of James M. Lowell, the Auburn wife murderer, was commuted to imprisonment for life.

The Council voted 4 to 3 to commute the death sentence of Lowell the Auburn wife murderer, to imprisonment for life. The next meeting of the Council is appointed for the 24th inst.

☞The Maine editors and publishers have their annual excursion on the week commencing July 12th. The party will be confined to members of the association and their ladies. They will make their head quarters at the Marshall House, York Harbor, Maine., where, it is thought, they may pleasantly spend the week, taking daily excursions to various points of interest in the neighborhood, among which are Mt. Agamenticus, the Cutts and Pepperill mansions at Kittery Point, which are interesting relics of colonial days, the Kittery navy yard. Bald Hill Cliff, the Garrison House, the Isle of Shoals and York beach, one of the finest on the Eastern coast. The vicinity is of great historic interest, as it was here that Gorgeana, the first city of America, was established.

GOOD TEMPLARS. We are indebted to Geo. E. Brackett, esq., of Belfast, for a copy of the Eighteenth Annual session of the Grand Lodge of Maine, Independent Order of Good Templars, holden at Bangor in April last. It was neatly printed at the News Press, Bridgton. We have already published an abstract of this report.

☞We have received the August number of Harper's Monthly Magazine containing besides much other valuable and interesting matter, the poem entitled "Morituri Salutamus," delivered by Henry W. Longfellow at the fiftieth aniversary of the class of 1825, Bowdoin College, of which he was a member. The poem was delivered on Wednesday of this week.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Old Route.

MR. EDITOR. The article in the FARMER of July 3d, presents justly and vividly the attractions of a journey to Mt. Desert, but will you allow a subscriber to take a few exceptions to the writer's discrimination between the old route and the new one? Mt. Desert has been long known to many, as one of the most beautiful places on the coast of Maine, but its celebrity as a watering place is principally due to the enterprise of the Portland and Machias Steamboat Company, who some ten years ago, put the favorite Steamer Lewiston upon her present route. The advantages claimed for the new competitor for the Mt. Desert travel are these: A journey to Rockland by the Knox & Lincoln R. R., and a daylight trip from Rockland to Mt. Desert. Is it not true that parties from the Western portions of the State from New York and Boston, can enjoy all these advantages by the old route? The Steamer Lewiston, leaves *Rockland* twice a week in the *morning* for Mt. Desert, and her passage thence by daylight, has all the attractions presented by the route of the "Ulysses" and we think some additional ones, as her course is longer. Whether parties from the West shall take the Lewiston, or the cars from Portland to Rockland, is a matter of *choice*, but persons who have journeyed from New York, Boston and Portland, in the cars on a hot dusty day naturally *prefer* a comfortable stateroom and a night's rest enroute to Rockland to five hours more in the cars. The comfort and safety of parties who take the Steamer Lewiston from Portland are well known to the thousands who here learned by experience that the Steamer and her officers have no superior on the Coast of Maine. Give to the old and new all their due. F.

EXPLOSION AT ELLSWORTH. The quiet little town of Ellsworth was startled Saturday afternoon by the terrific explosion of a boiler in Standish and Pierce's Foundry. The engineer was absent, and the engine was in charge of fireman Jordan, who states that the steam-guage indicated seventy-five pounds pressure, and steam was escaping from the safety-valve, which was set to "blow-off" at seventy pounds, when he turned it on to run the blast for the purpose of melting. There was an instantaneous explosion and he knew no more until picked up by people who had been drawn to the spot by the earthquake-like report which resulted. The roof of the building rose, as is said, about thirty feet in the air, and came down about that distance to one side. At the time of the explosion, Samuel Moore was on the roof cutting through for a skylight, and he shot up faster and higher than the roof, coming down among the hot iron, bricks and other debris, and though no bones were broken, he is considered to be fatally injured by the terrible burns and bruises he received.

A little girl twelve years old, daughter of James Cushman, nearly an eighth of a mile away, was struck in the forehead by a brick and seriously though it is hoped not fatally injured.

So great was the force of the explosion that windows of houses in every direction were shattered and for a few minutes there was the wildest excitement. The boiler was one of Sullivan's patent, and was put in only one week before.

☞The Methodist Ministerial Association of the Readfield District, commenced a session at Livermore Falls on Monday evening of last week. C. W. Blackman occupied the pulpit. A few others made remarks. At eight and a half o'clock Tuesday morning the association was organized in the choice of Parker Jacques, presiding elder of the district, for president, and C. C. Mason, secretary. An essay on the duty of the church toward those who do not attend the house of worship was read by C. E. Bisbee. The next subject was reading sermons. Nearly all the brethren, and some of the ministers' wives, spoke on the subject, the most of them not favoring the reading of sermons. A committee composed of Parker Jacques, C. C. Mason and W. H. Foster, was chosen to make arrangements for the next association to be held at New Sharon, in October. How shall we best promote the doctrine of the higher Christian life? was the next subject considered, E. T. Adams being the first speaker, followed by C. W. Blackman, W. H. Foster, C. C. Mason, R. H. Kimball, F. W. Smith, T. J. True, P. Jacques. Various questions were presented and answered by different brethren. A very excellent spirit prevailed throughout the meeting. C. C. Mason preached in the evening.

☞The anniversary exercises of the Normal School at Farmington occurred on Thursday. The day was occupied by an examination of the classes by the trustees, interspersed by essays, reading exercises by the children of the model school and capital music by the school, under the direction of Mr. Allen. The school is in a flourishing condition and is a useful and important institution. The names of the graduates are as follows: Lizzie M. Brown, Farmington; Georgia R. Holden, Sweden; Emma C. McGaffey, Mt. Vernon; Sarah L. Potter, Arrowsic; Mary E. Stiles, Gorham; William J. Drew, Starks; John C. Winter, Kingfield. During the evening some fine music was given by the school and addresses were made by Mr. Rounds, the Principal of the the school, Gov. Dingley, Superintendent Johnson, Mr. Buffum of the Council, and Mr. C. B. Stetson.

The official visitors present were the Governor, Superintendent Johnson, Messrs. Buffum, Richards, Perkins and Williamson of the Council, and Messrs Abbott, Patten, Pullen and Dresser of the trustees.

☞The *Press* says that in June last, a man and a woman, both of them of Irish birth, engaged board at a house on India street, Portland. They claimed to be brother and sister, and after stopping some time the man left town and the woman was engaged as a servant. A short time since he called at the house and asked her to go to Ireland with him and she agreed to go. They were to sail on the boat Friday night, and he packed his trunk and prepared to go, but she refused to do so, and in some way got out of his sight. He then applied to Deputy Williams, but it was a long time before the woman could be found. She declared at first that she was not his wife, while he declared she was. After quite a dispute she acknowledged that the man was her husband, but said that he abused her so she could not live with him. An effort was made to reconcile them, but without avail, and they shook hands and parted.

OXFORD CO. REPUBLICAN CONVENTION. At the Oxford County Republican Convention at Paris Thursday, the following nominations were made:

Senators—John P. Swasey, Samuel D. Wadsworth.
Commissioner—Joseph L. Chapman.
Treasurer—C. C. Cushman.
Judge of Probate—A. H. Walker.
Clerk of Courts—J. S. Wright.

☞The Brunswick *Telegraph* says that "Prof. J. S. Sewall has accepted the election of Professor of Sacred Rhetoric and Oratory, in Bangor Theological Seminary, and will resign his Professorship here at the meetings of the Boards next week. The Professor has done right good service in his department, and as a man and citizen, has won the respect and esteem of all parties. His loss to society will be deeply felt here."

☞The 9th Re-union of the 5th Maine Regiment will be holden in Portland on the 28th day of July, inst., and special pains have been taken to prepare an attractive programme, and reports from every quarter indicate that the attendance will be large.

KENNEBEC COUNTY ITEMS. Solyman Heath, Esq., of Waterville, died on Wednesday, week, at the age of about 65 years. Mr. Heath was a lawyer of acknowledged ability and a man of large acquaintance and influence. He was a member of the Maine House of Representatives from Waterville, in 1871, and we believe that he has previously served in the same capacity. As Reporter of Decisions, he issued the Maine Reports from Volume 36 to Volume 40, inclusive. He was made Trial Justice since 1867, and has since held that position. He was President of the Ticonic National Bank.——The house owned by Asa Warren, occupied by a family named Moody, at East Pittston, was entirely destroyed by fire on the night of the 29th. Mrs. Moody narrowly escaped death by jumping from the window. Loss $200. No insurance.——We learn that Billings J. Hood, formerly of Wayne, but late of the Thompson House, Augusta, was caught in Newry with a load of smuggled liquors from Canada, by United States officer Woodbury of Canaan, Vermont. He was released, but team and cargo was confiscated. He had been out of prison but one week.——Mr. Arthur Andrews, a widely known citizen of Gardiner, died on Sunday, aged 84 years. He formerly lived in Monmouth, and has relatives in Augusta. He was a soldier in the war of 1812.——Mr. Wm. Demery of Hallowell, who was prostrated by sunstroke on Monday, died on Wednesday morning, week, without a return to consciousness since his attack.——A Colby University correspondent says that at the examination for admittance to the Freshman class Saturday, twenty-three were examined, three being young ladies. There are two more examinations, and it is expected that the next Freshman class will number over fifty.——The *Argus* says that Dean Bradley was arrested in Waterville, on Wednesday, week, for attempting to pass a counterfeit $50 bill, but for want of evidence he was allowed to depart. The bill was a U. S. greenback, and a very clever imitation.——The *Journal* says that thirty-five men are to be discharged from the railroad shops at Waterville.——The Waterville *Mail* says that Hon. E. F. Webb's boy, anticipating Independence Day a little, made a mine of gunpowder in the ground, a few days ago, and touched it off, but there was no explosion. He thought he would add a little more powder and try it again, and now he goes about with both hands bound up in cotton and with his nose topped off with a piece of sticking plaster,—a warning against the careless use of gunpowder.——There are but six inmates of the alms house in Gardiner, and these are employed most of the time in helpful duties about the house and farm. The institution is kept with great care and cleanliness.

☞We regret to learn that the Penikese School threatens to be a complete failure. Mr. Agassiz says "no further attempt will be made to run it it, as, owing to its location the extra expense attending the running of the school would provide for it anywhere else." The gift by Mr. Anderson, of the island, and money enough to put up school buildings and support the school for two seasons, was a munificent one. The location of the school for the study to be pursued is all that could be desired; and there should be other Andersons to prevent the failure of this institution, in which the late Professor Agassiz took so deep an interest. The N. Y. *Evening Post* says:

"The school is now in the position of a public building whose foundations have been well laid and the lower solidly built. But the upper stories and the roof are essential to the utility of the building. A very little more money is necessary to make it of public service, and without this additional aid all that has been done will be wasted. We are led to make this unsolicited appeal for the school because of the accumulating evidence that it will soon be closed unless some man of wealth shall avail himself of this opportunity to place part of his money where it will be of permenant use to science and to the country."

SAD DROWNING ACCIDENT. Two young ladies were drowned at Sabatis on the 3d of July, the particulars are as follows: Miss Maggie Griffin aged twenty-two and Miss Nellie Murray, aged eighteen, daughter of Mr. Dennis Murray, accompanied by a younger sister of Miss Murray, went to a retired place in the river, below the village, for the purpose of bathing. Clothed in their bathing apparel they had sported in the water a short time, when Miss Griffin inadvertently stepped off a shelf into the deep water. Miss Murray immediately went to her assistance and in attempting to grasp her, lost her own footing in the deep water, and looked in each other's embrace the two unfortunate young ladies, after a few ineffectual struggles, being unable to swim, sank beneath the water.

☞At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Maine Telegraph Company, at Bangor Wednesday, week, the following named gentlemen were chosen directors:—Hiram O. Alden, William H. Simpson, Belfast; Albert W. Paine, Jacob A. Smith, Albert Holton, William Gallupe, Bangor; Bion Bradbury, William P. Merrill, Portland, and Edwin F. Littlefield of Winterport. Hiram Alden was elected President, and William P. Merrill Secretary and Treasurer.

☞A meeting of the Trustees of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary was held in Lewiston last week. The treasurer reported the institution possessed of real and personal estate to the amount of $150,000, and free from debt. A normal department has been established, and Prof. Rich of Middletown, appointed. A theological department has been established for scholars who have not the means to take a course at the theological school.

☞The *Whig* says that two of the bonds given by the city of Bangor in aid of the Maine Central railroad, stolen some years ago from Jason Weeks, of Bangor, were recently presented at a broker's in Boston and paid. The bonds were numbered 15 and 16, respectively, but have been changed by the addition of a figure 1, to 151 and 161. The city treasurer has not paid the broker who cashed them, but holds the bonds subject to a decision as to the liability of the city in the matter.

☞Bartlett Doe of Parsonsfield, died quite suddenly last week. He went into his field to do some hoeing, and did not return at the usual time in the evening. No alarm of any account was felt, as he had been accustomed to step in upon a neighbor. The unusual length of his absence alarmed his family, and he was found in the morning reclining over his hoe in the field dead.

☞At the field trial of Mowers, held at Charlestown, N. H., June 29th, seven different machines competing, the New Model Buckeye was awarded the first premium. Also at the field trial of Mowers held the same day at Montpeller, Vt., the New Model Buckeye was awarded the first premium.

☞Jesse Ayres, a sort of a vagrant, hailing from East Machias, called at Sarah E. Torrey's house, Monday, in Deblois, begging.—The woman hesitated to comply with Ayres' wishes, when he stabbed her about the neck and shoulders, making dangerous wounds. Ayres was pursued, arrested and lodged in Machias jail.

☞We learn that the house of Amaziah Jordan of Hartland village was struck by lightning about 12 o'clock Thursday night and badly shattered; damage about $500. The family, barely escaped with their lives.

☞George Campbell and two others named Strout and McMannus, were drowned near Goose Island, in Casco Bay, on Friday, occasioned by the capsizing of a boat.

☞The tug boat Lumberman sunk at Norfolk, Va., Monday night and ten persons were drowned.

THE TILTON-BEECHER SUIT. After having been out eight days and nights the jury in the Tilton-Beecher case, on Friday morning sent a note to Judge Neilson, saying they were unable to agree, and requesting to be discharged. The Judge sent back a reply that he would do so. Notice was then sent to counsel and the parties interested.—Shortly after 11 o'clock Judge Neilson entered the court accompanied by Ex-Judge Dykeman. The jury came into court at 11:16 o'clock, when the following colloquy took place:

Gentleman, have you agreed upon a verdict?

Foreman, rising—We have not. We very much regret we found it impossible to agree.

Judge—Gentlemen, I learned by a note this morning from your foreman, that in your opinion you should be discharged, as you could not agree, and some of your number are suffering in health. I felt the force of that application very strongly, and I have called you in now, at the earliest moment I could do so, giving to counsel and others an opportunity of being present. As we were about to separate, gentlemen, I would like you to carry away kindly recollections, and as far as you can, remove whatever chagrin you may have felt at being detained so long. I would like to learn from the jury explicitly, that the application to take further testimony has not in any way clouded your vision or occupied your thoughts, directly or indirectly.

Foremen—You are right, sir. I have questioned many of the jury, and they all tell me they hadn't it in their thoughts at all.

Judge—I am much gratified to hear it, and since you tell me you cannot agree I will therefore discharge you.

Clerk—Gentlemen, you are now discharged.

An immense rush was made for the jurors in the court and outside, and they were questioned as to how they stood, but they all declared that they were pledged to secresy as to names. The foreman, however, admitted that they stood 9 to 3.

Tilton and Moulton were standing in the rear of the court amongst the audience, not being able to force their way through the crowd, when the last scene in the Tilton-Beecher drama was acted and the curtain fell.

As the jury were leaving, Mrs. Beecher stood by the railing, with tears streaming down her cheeks, and shook hands with each juror as he went by. The foreman was the last in passing out, and he seized her hand in both of his and shook it with great warmth.

The Brooklyn Eagle publishes the following account of the deliberations of the jury, said to be obtained from one of their number:

When first they retired the twelve took an informal ballot, which made them stand ten for Beecher and two for Tilton. Another informal ballot was taken with like result, when some of the jurymen stated there was some error in the record and it was suggested they should formally organize by the election of a foreman and secretary, in order to avoid any further mistakes. Carpenter objected to the selection of a foreman, claiming he had been appointed by Judge Neilson, and his fellow jurors had no right to substitute any one else. He emphatically opposed any attempt to supplant him, and for purposes of harmony and good will the majority decided to accept him as foreman. This difficulty being settled the twelve proceeded to elect a secretary and the choice fell on Jeffrey. A formal ballot was then taken. The secretary announced that the jury stood eight for Beecher and four for Tilton. After a prolonged discussion of the evidence another formal ballot was entered into. This time some of the 12 who were in favor of Beecher voted with the minority, so the vote stood six for Beecher and six for Tilton. This was Friday last. The Beecher men were not the slightest disheartened, and the shrewdest among them worked harder than ever to convince the small minority in favor of Tilton that they were in error. The minority nearly all through the deliberations in the jury room consisted of Jeffrey, Davis and Flate. They appeared open to conviction and entered fully and seriously into the discussion of the views advanced by a few of the majority. Another formal ballot was taken, and the secretary declared the vote eight for Beecher and four for Tilton. Several ballots were taken with like result. The number of ballots taken from the time the jury left their seats at the close of the Judge's charge until they were disbanded by order of the court, was 53.

The Beecher men worked hard all Friday night, and a change in their favor was apparent the following morning, when the Secretary announced that the jury stood 9 for Beecher and 3 for Tilton. Saturday morning a few of Beecher's men who had been using gigantic efforts to convert Jeffrey, Davis and Flate to their side had so far succeeded that those gentlemen at last consented to bring in a verdict for Beecher.—Had the jury then been summoned to the court room Beecher would have gone forth with a declaration of his innocence. Some were in favor of going into court at once, but unfortunately for Beecher it was determined they should delay going to the court room till 8 o'clock that evening, when they would hand the Judge a sealed verdict.—At this moment one of the Beecher men made an indiscreet remark which, though in no wise affecting the evidence in the case, occasioned a flutter of undue excitement and had the effect of alienating the minority from the majority. Persistent efforts were made to counteract this act of indiscretion, but the minority, consisting of Jeffrey, Flate and Davis, retiring to the ground they had compacted to abandon, emphatically declined to hold any further argument. They were determined to stand by Tilton. On Sunday there was no balloting, as many of the jury had religious scruples. A ballot, however, on Monday showed that they had returned to the Tilton side, as the vote stood 9 for Beecher and 3 for Tilton, and from this count there was no variation. Mr. Carpenter the foreman of the jury contradicts the story that the jury were at any time ready to bring in a verdict for Beecher, and that they were only prevented from doing so by an indiscreet remark of one of their number.

☞American iron recently sold in England at $35 per ton. In commenting on this fact the *Boston Advertiser* says:

"So it seems that the tariff does not shut out our goods from foreign markets, and that we are actually competing with John Bull's free iron trade in his own little island. It is true, we have not built up a great business in American iron in England as yet, but if ten tons can be sold at a profit there, why not a hundred thousand tons? We presume it will be found that the iron cable despatch is from Georgia, and that it was sent out at a low rate for freight, in order to steady Savannah cotton ships. This, however, does not affect the case materially. Pennsylvania iron can be shipped just as well, and in large quantites too, if reasonable terms can be obtained with the workmen. Indeed, we shall not be surprised if the era of low prices, which is setting in much more rapidly than superficial observers suppose, results in a great growth of exports of manufactured articles in the sale of which Great Britain has long enjoyed an almost undisputed monopoly."

HARVARD NECROLOGY. Following is a list of deaths of Maine graduates from Harvard since the publication of the last triennial catalogue in 1872, so far as could be ascertained:

1793. Samuel Thatcher, Bangor, 18th of July, 1873.
1804. Arthur Ware, Portland, 17th of September, 1873.
1808. Levi Whitmaf, Harrison, 2d of October, 1872.
1820. William Boyd, Portland, May, 1875.
1823. Samuel Moody, Lisbon, December 2d, 1874.
1838. Franklin Fearing, North Yarmouth, April, 1874.
1871. James Page Richardson, Portland, September, 1872.

Among the medical graduates were:

1814. Lafayette Perkins, Farmington, 10th of May, 1874.
1820. James McKeen, Topsham, 28th of November, 1873.

☞The little daughter of C. B. Stetson, Esq., of Boston, formerly of Lewiston, came near being drowned on last Friday, by falling into a hogshead two-thirds filled with water. At the time Mrs. S with her child was visiting her friends in Auburn. When discovered she had somehow emerged from her perilous situation. She says that she went in head foremost, which was doubtless the case. At any rate it was a complete immersion, and on the whole a very narrow escape from drowning.

Items of Maine News.

Conductor French, injured at South Berwick, died Friday morning.

Mr. J. R. McKelvey is lecturing on temperance in Franklin county to large audiences.

Eugene Griffin graduated third in the last class at West Point—a high distinction.

Athens post-office has been made a money order office. The postmaster was ready to do business Monday, July 5th.

The house of Mr. Jordan of Hartland, was struck by lightning and burned to the ground last Thurs

The Markets.

Brighton Cattle Market.

WEDNESDAY, July 7.

At market for the current week—Cattle 2953; Sheep and Lambs 6000; Swine 7,300. Number of Western Cattle 2617. Northern Cattle and Working Oxen and Milch Cows, 120. Eastern Cattle 15.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices per 100 lbs. live weight, extra quality $7 50@7 75; first quality $6 75@7 37½; second quality $6 25@6 62½; third quality $5 25@6 12; poorest grade of coarse Oxen, Bulls, &c. $3 50@5 00.

BRIGHTON HIDES—7c ₩ lb.; Brighton Tallow 6c ₩ lb.

CALF SKINS—14@14c ₩ lb. Sheep Skins $2 00@$6 00 each. Lamb Skins 50c each. Sheared Skins 35c each.

WORKING OXEN—The supply in market for the week was light and the trade slow. As soon as Cattle come in more freely from the North and Maine the trade will probably revive.

STORE CATTLE—No call for Store Cattle and but few in market. Most all the small Cattle that are in a fair condition being bought up by butchers to slaughter.

MILCH COWS.—Extra $55@95; ordinary $25@50. Most of the Cows offered in market for sale are of a common grade. Good Cows sell well at fair prices.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—From the West there was a large supply, and costing landed at Brighton from 6 @6½c per lb. From the North the supply was light, at 4@5½c. Lambs 7@9c per pound.

SWINE— Store Pigs, wholesale 9@10c per lb.; retail, 10@12c. Fat Hogs, 7300 in market; prices 8@9c per lb.

Wool Market.

BOSTON, July 7.

The demand for domestic has been good, but the sales have been principally California, medium fleeces. New Wool comes forward very slowly from the West, as prices in the interior leave no margin for shipment to Eastern markets, but there is good supply of California and manufacturers are purchasing quite freely of this description. The sales include 900,000 lbs California at 25@38c for spring and 18@25c for fall; 150,000 lbs unwashed delaine and combing at 40@48c; 30,000 lbs washed do 53@60c; 50,000 lbs Ohio fleeces, X and XX, at 48@52c; 100,000 lbs Michigan and other fleeces at 45@51c; 200,000 lbs unwashed fleeces at 26@41c; 125,000 lbs super and X pulled at 35@51c; 24,000 lbs Nolls at 30@60c; 30,000 lbs scoured at 57½@72½c, including low to good; and 15,000 lbs sundries at 20@36c per lb.

Boston Market.

BOSTON, July 7.

FLOUR AND GRAIN—The demand for Flour is dull with a limited demand for all kinds; we quote: Western Superfine at $4 25@4 50; common extras at $4 75@5 25; Milwaukie and Minnesota extras at $5 00@6 25; choice white wheat, Indiana and Michigan do $6 50@6 75; Illinois at $6 25@7 25; St. Louis at $6 25 @6 50@6 75; Illinois St. Louis and Michigan do $6 75@7 00 ₩ bbl. Southern Flour is quiet at $4 75@8 00 ₩ bbl. for common extras and choice family; and fancy Minnesota at $6 25@8 00 ₩ bbl. Corn is quiet at 88@ 91c ₩ bush. for mixed and yellow. Oats are firm at 65@68c ₩ bush for mixed and white. Rye 1.15@ 1.15 ₩ bush. Shorts, Fine Feed and Middlings at $20@ 22 ₩ ton.

PROVISIONS—Pork is steady; sales at $17 00@16 50 for prime; $21 50@21 00 for mess $24 00@26 00 ₩ bbl. for clear. Beef ranges from $10 50@13 00 mess and extra mess, and $16 00@17 00 ₩ bbl. for family. Lard is light ₩ lb. for city and Western. Smoked Hams 12½@12½c ₩ lb. Butter sells at 20@27c ₩ lb. and Cheese from 8@12½c ₩ lb. as to quality.

PRODUCE—Eggs are quite firm and continue in steady demand. The sales have been at 18@19c per dozen. Medium Beans continue to sustain full prices and have been in demand at $1 95@2 20 per bush. Pea Beans range from $2 @2 30 as to quality; and Yellow Eyes at $2 12½ per bush. Potatoes have been very scarce and prices have advanced. The sales of Jackson Whites have been at 55@61c per bush; new Potatoes are selling at $3 75@4 per bbl.

HAY—The market for Hay is not so firm, as supplies have been arriving more freely. The sales are at $21@$23 per ton for choice, and medium grades at $17@$20 per ton. Rye Straw is firm, and readuy commands $24@$25 per ton.

New York Market.

NEW YORK, July 7.

COTTON—Sales bales—middling uplands @13½.

FLOUR—Sales 15,1900bls.—State $4 00@5 75; round hoop Ohio, $5 00@7 00; Western $4 50@5 75; South ern $5 25@8 25.

WHEAT—Sales248,000 bush. No. 2 Milwaukie, $1 17@ $1 20. No. 1, $1 20@1 22; No. 1, Chicago, $1 09@1 09; No. 2,$1 13@1 15; No.2, Mixed, $1 14; No. 3, $1 42@1 40 Winter Red, $1 35@1 34; Amber, $1 35@1 40; No. 1, Iowa, $1 14@1 22; White Michigan, $1 35@1 40; Winter Western, $1 33@1 36.

CORN—Sales 94,000 bushels. Western 78@81.

OATS—Sales 78,000 bushels—Western 66@68.

PORK—Sales 550 bbls. New Mess, $20 81@21 00.

LARD—Steam, 13½; Kettle, 14½.

SUGAR—Refining, 7½@8; Porto Rico, @7; Cuba, —@7; Havana White, 9½.

Gold and Stock Market.

NEW YORK, July 7.

Gold opened at 117 and closed at 116½.

Money may at 2@3 per cent. on call.

United States Sixes (coupons) 1881 122½; 5.20's 1862, 117½; 1864, 116½; 1865, 122; 1865 (January and July), 121; 1867, 121½; 1868, 121½; New 5's, 119½; 10.40's (coupons), 116½; Currency, 122½.

Augusta City Market.

THURSDAY, July 8.

APPLES—No green in market; dried 7@10c according to quality.

BUTTER—The best of butter is plenty in our market, at 25c. In some cases it is furnished to private families at chiefly higher rates.

BEANS—$2 00@2 50 for Pea and Yellow Eyes.

CHEESE—New domestic and factory 12@13c.

FLOUR—Superfine is common extra $6 50@7 50; Good brands at $7 50@8 00; choice Western $8 50; St. Louis favorite brands $9 00@11 00.

GRAIN—Corn 95@1 00; Oats 80 cts.; Barley, 80c @1 00.

HAY—But few loads of loose in the market this week and we withdraw our quotations.

HONEY—Choice box honey 30@35c. per lb.

HIDES AND SKINS—Hides, 6½c; calf skins, 12@ 14; sheep skins @1 00@1 50; lamb skins, 50c.

LIME—$1 25@1 40 per cask.

MEAL—Corn 95@$1 00; rye @1 75 ₩ bushel.

PRODUCE—Potatoes, 40@50c; eggs, 18@20c; lard, 10@20c.

SHORTS—@1.75 per 100 lbs.

SEEDS—Nominal and we withdraw our quotations.

PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork, @28@30, ₩ 200 lbs; beef ₩ side 10@11c; round hog 9@10c; ham 14@16c; turkeys 17@20c; veals 7@8c; mutton 9@10c; spring lambs 14@16c; fowls, 15@18; geese 20c.

WOOL—The new clip is being brought to market in small quantities, sales being made at 45@48c for medium to fine.

WOOD—Mill wood, delivered, $4 ₩ cord.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, July 7.

APPLES—are selling at $3.50@3.75 ₩ bbl. Dried 5@12

BUTTER—Selling at 25@30c for family. Store, from 20@25c ₩ lb.

BEANS—We quote hand-picked pea beans at $2 50 @2 75; yellow eyes, $2 15@3 00.

CHEESE—Factory is selling at 13@14c ₩ lb; Vermont and New York dairy, 12@14.

FISH—We quote large shore $5 00@5 50; large bank $4 75@5 25; small $3 25@4 25; pollock $3 00@4 00; hake $2 75@3 00 ₩ qtl; herring $4 00@4 50 ₩ bbl; scaled, ₩ box, 30@35c; mackerel ₩ bbl—large No. 1, $12 to No. 1, $7 00@10 00; Shore Nos. 1 and 2, $7 00@11 00.

FLOUR—We quote Superfine, $4 75@5 00; Spring X and XX, $6 00@7 00; Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa, $6 75@7 50; Illinois X and XX, $6 50@8 50; St. Louis X and XX, $6 75@9 00.

GRAIN—We quote mixed Corn at 88@90 and yellow 92@92. Oats are worth 73@75c, fine feed at $35 ₩ ton, and shorts at $27@30 ₩ ton.

HAY—Loose, $10 00@14 00 ₩ ton for prime. Pressed selling at $15 00@17 00. Baled Straw $10@12 ₩ ton for prime.

LARD—₩ Tierce, 15@15½ ₩ lb; per keg 15@15½; pail 16@16½c.

PLASTER—White, ₩ ton, $3 00; blue @2 75; ground in bbls $8 00@9 00; calcined in bbls $2 75@3 00.

PROVISIONS—We quote beef side at 9@13c; veal 8@10; mutton 12@13c; chickens 15@18c; turkeys 18@20c; eggs 19@20c; potatoes,70@80c ₩ bush; onions @1 87@ @2 00 ₩ crate. Round hogs, 8@9c.

PROVISIONS—We quote as follows: Mess beef, Chicago, $12 00@13 50; plate $15 00; extra plate $16 50@ pork backs, $20 50@21 00; clear, @25 50@26 00; mess $21 00@22 50. Hams 13@15c.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, July 7.

BEANS—Yellow eyes $2 50@2 75₩ bush; Pea Beans $2 00@2 62.

BUTTER—Is worth from 20@22c ₩ lb, according to quality.

EGGS—Selling at 17@18c ₩ dozen.

HAY—Best qualities loose sell at $12 00@14 00 ₩ ton Pressed $13@15.00.

GRAIN—Oats are now worth 73@75c ₩ bush; corn $0 92@1 00₩ bush.

POTATOES—Selling in the market at 75@80c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—Good fresh beef, by the side worth 9@12c ₩ lb; round hogs 09@12½c; mutton 9@11c.

HIDES AND SKINS—Lamb pelts 50 cents each. Hides 6@6½c ₩ lb. Veal skins 15c ₩ lb.

WOOL—Selling dull at 35@40c per lb.

☞The wages of all brakemen on the Eastern Railroad have been reduced to $40 per month, a cut of $5 per month. This is the second reduction within a very short time. There were rumors afloat last week that some of the best men were to leave in a body to-morrow.

A new method of car ventilation has been on trial on the Eastern road for some two weeks, and proves far superior to anything ever before in use. It was introduced with the new Pullman cars lately put on the line, and will doubtless become a feature on common cars. It consists, in the main, of side windows, which lower from the top instead of raising, as now, on a level with the passenger's eyes; a similar window in each door and an improved ventilator in the monitor on the top of the car complete the system.

PERILS OF THE OCEAN. The Direction of the Bureau Veritas has just published the list of maritime disasters, reported during the month of April, 1875, concerning all flags. The list gives the following, viz.:—

Sailing vessels reported lost, 101; viz.:—39 English, 13 Italian, 11 German, 9 Norwegian, 7 American, 7 French, 5 Dutch, 3 Austrian, 3 Russian, 2 Spanish, 1 Portuguese and 1 Turkish. In this number are included 18 sailing vessels reported as missing.

Steamers reported lost, 8; viz.:—7 English and 1 French. In this number is included 1 steamer reported missing.

☞Better times appear to be be ahead for the South. According to a correspondent, "reports from every county in Georgia and South Carolina tell an unvarying tale about the growing crops—that they are the finest ever known. The yield of grain will be absolutely extraordinary. Most bountiful rains have fallen within the last ten days, refreshing forest and field, adding a greener hue, a more vernal tinge." Another cause for congratulation. Certaiaty, this Centennial year is the beginning of a new life for the South.—*Ex.*

☞The Indian Bureau at Washington has received a dispatch from the Red Cloud agency saying that Red Cloud and Spotted Tail have signed an agreement for their tribes to relinquish all rights in Nebraska. The price they ask is $11,600 in horses, $9000 in cows, and $2100 in harnesses, and $2500 in wagons. They are well pleased with the bargain. In regard to the charges of Prof. Marsh against the Red Cloud agency, the Secretary of the Interior has appointed the following gentlemen as a commission of investigation: Ex-Gov. Bullock of Massachusetts, ex-Gov. Fletcher of Missouri, and Geo. W. Lane, president of the New York chamber of commerce.

☞At two o'clock Monday afternoon, a collision occurred at Rockaway, Long Island between trains going eastward and westward, by which two passenger trains were smashed. Seven persons were killed and about twenty others injured.

Full details show that the accident was a slaughter brought about by the criminal carelessness or recklessness of the railway employes. President Poppenhausser had his head badly hurt. A passenger states that the two engines were plied upon one another, that of the down train being underneath. The latter was a total wreck, the iron and brass work being mangled and twisted into every possible shape. Meanwhile the smoking car had been literally smashed to pieces, the centre and sides bulging out, and the top being crushed under the tender. The dead and wounded lay under the ruins of the smoking car, from which they were extricated by the railway officials and passengers. Six dead bodies, including those of the conductor, brakeman and fireman, were rescued from the wreck and laid on the grass by the side of the track. The three passengers who were killed were N. Hartman, cigar dealer, B. Thurmer, jeweller; and Mr. Pfeirfer, notary public of Williamsburg. From 12 to 15 passengers were injured, two of them seriously. The latter were unknown.

At the time of the collision the down train was approaching Rockaway station at a speed of 12 miles an hour, while the up train had just left the station. The two trains met on the curve at a point where a view of the track in both directions was limited.

☞A Rome correspondent describes a remarkable suicide of recent occurrence there, which has caused much sadness and horror among the professional and artistic Romans. The victim was the distinguished Juvara, an engraver of the highest reputation, and a pupil of the celebrated Parma engraver, Toschi. He was sixty-seven years old, easy in means, married to a good wife, and lived in a quiet, orderly, old-fashioned way. On the morning of the fateful day he shut himself up in his private studio, and proceeded in a leisurely and systematic manner to kill himself. He was over six hours in performing the horrible act, and has left a written record of his sensations during that time. At 8 o'clock he cut a vein in his foot and collected the blood in a dish: then with a brush painted with it on the wall, on a great cartoon, various sentences at different hours. For instance, one of these sentences said: "8:30. With a serene and cheerful countenance. I am awaiting my death." Another is: "10 o'clock.—Death has not yet arrived. I now cut the vein in my arm." At 10:30 he wrote: "How strange! The blood mounts to my head.—God pardon me, for I pardon my enemies." The saddest sentence is this: "2 o'clock.—I have recovered my reason. My God, what have I done! What a rash act! It is too late, however, to repair the evil. I will now put an end to myself at once." Whereupon it seems he took a revolver and shot himself in his mouth, which killed him instantly. Upon entering the studio an hour afterwards they found the poor old man dead, sitting in an armchair, holding the revolver in one hand! The bloody writing on the wall told the sad story.

☞The Attorney General has decided the question of naturalization submitted to him by the department of State. The facts are briefly that Mr. A. Steintoanter, a Prussian subject by birth, immigrated to the United States in 1848, and was naturalized in 1854, when he returned to Germany. He took with him his son four years old, and born in the United States. The son is now 20 years old, and the question at issue rose as to the son owing military service to Germany. The Attorney General reviews at some length the United States laws and treaties with Germany upon the subject of naturalization, and also quotes recent British opinions, and comes to the conclusion that the boy has two nationalities, one natural and the other acquired. The father returning to Germany and resuming his allegiance, the son partakes of the status of the father, being a minor and having enjoyed before the protection of the German government, he for the time being, or until of age, owes military duty, the obligation being reciprocal. But when the boy becomes of age he can return to the United States as an American citizen with all the rights and privileges of such, and would even be eligible to the Presidency of the United States.

☞The Mikado of Japan is proposing a tour to Europe. He and his advisers have concluded that he had better not undertake it until 1877, as the new order of things in Japan is of too recent a date to dispel all apprehensions of a reactionary movement. The fact that the idea is entertained is marvelous in itself. Only twenty years ago an armed American fleet was needed to break down the system of non-intercourse with foreigners which the pride and suspicion of the Japanese had erected as a barrier against all the world. Now, having thrown aside in a few years the institutions of feudalism which it required centuries to destroy in Europe, the island empire is hurrying forward to its place among the most advanced nations of the world. History records scarcely another example of so rapid a nation being born in a day. We hope the Mikado will find his home affairs so satisfactory that he will be enabled to start a year earlier than he now intends, and, taking the American overland route to Europe, will visit our Centennial before crossing the Atlantic. It would be graceful for our government to extend an invitation to him, and furnish him with a passage to San Francisco.

OBITUARY. The death of Hon. Isaac Emery, which took place at his residence in Boston, Saturday evening week, removes one who for many years has been identified with the business enterprise and the public affairs of that community. Throughout his long life of more than four score years, says the *Post*, Mr. Emery has worthily represented that energy and integrity of character which are the peculiar boast of New England. He was born in Maine in 1794, residing at Biddeford during the earlier years of his life. In this State he first appeared as a public man, being chosen to represent York county in the Senate; and on the occasion of Lafayette's visit appearing as aid on the Governor's staff. Mr. Emery removed to Boston in 1838, where he has since resided, taking an active part in business, politics and charitable enterprises. He assisted in the forming of the John Hancock Insurance Co., and was associated in the formation of the Boylston Bank. For sixteen years he was a director of the Boston & Worcester railroad.

☞A DESCENDANT OF WARREN AND PUTMAN.—The blood of Warren and Putman is united to-day in Warren Putman Newcomb, a boy of 16 years of age, now in the Hartford High school. The death of General Warren's wife preceeded the battle of Bunker Hill, so that the slaughter of that day left his four children orphans. The two sons died unmarried; the elder daughter died childless; one son survived the second daughter. His name was Joseph Warren Newcomb, and he was therefore the only surviving grandchild of General Warren. He lived until within a few months, and was present at the last celebration of the battle of Bunker Hill. His son married at Hartford, Conn., a lineal descendent of Israel Putnam of the same generation, and some years ago passed away, leaving the son whose name is given above. This boy is therefore the only male descendant of Joseph Warren now alive, and is also the great grandson of Israel Putnam.

☞A suit was entered in Washington Thursday, against one Henry Smith who keeps a lodging house, by a white man for ejecting him from his house on account of his color, contrary to the 15th amendment of the constitution. The facts in the case are these: A room had been rented to the white man in the absence of the landlord, who upon his return closed the doors upon him, with the frank avowal that he would accomodate no white person. Justice Sampson issued a warrant for the arrest of the landlord. A great deal of interest was manifested by the colored men in the city, as a majority of the barber shops in the city invariably refuse to shave colored men, and this it is hoped by them may serve as a precedent in succeeding suits.

☞The issue of new bank circulation for the past six months has amounted to only $4,575,420, of which $1,117,420 has come to New England. All the western States have fallen off but Ohio, and Ohio has gained $63,000 only as compared with a gain of $200,000 in Vermont. The circulation of Iowa has fallen off $400,000 that of Illinois $2,862,540 and there has been a decrease of $7,787,845 for the whole country. That does not look as though the west were clamoring for more money so much as some of the politicians would have us believe.

☞Joseph Smith, son of the "Great Mormon Prophet" and Jos. Lakeman, a prominent Grand Menan Mormon, were in Lubec last week. These Grand Menan Mormons are very zealous and are extending their influence on the island; they are of that branch of the "faith" that denounce polygamy, and claim to have no fellowship for Brigham Young whatever, and this with their great zeal for their cause has won for them quite a respectable number of adherents there.—*Machias Union.*

CENTENNIAL REMENISCENSES. Locke's History of Camden relates the following incidents which occurred during the revolution, and which the centennial period just passed causes the Herald of that town to revive.

At Meguntic ook, in the early part of the war, Leonard Metcalf and Andrew Wells, descrying an English schooner (of Castine) approaching the harbor, conceived the following stratagem to deter the enemy from landing. Wells having a drum brought it down to the shore, and begun, martial fashion, to "call the roll" and play away most lustily. Metcalf armed with his musket, with stentorian voice, gave out in a mandatory manner, military orders, as though he was at the head of a regiment. The vessel at first was going to send only one barge, but supposing from the sound of the drum and the commanatory voice of Metcalf, that there was a company ambushed and in readiness to give them a reception, they dispatched a larger force, consisting of three barges, containing about forty men. They landed at the cove just north of Ephraim Barrett's house, dressed in red uniform, and as they suddenly ascended the bank, they at once saw Metcalf and Wells, and fired at them, when Metcalf coolly returned the fire and fled, reloading his gun as he ran, but stumbling over a log, he fell, when one of the assailants suddenly exclaimed, "There's one of the damned Yankees dead!" Turning round and rising, Metcalf fired again, and retorted, "That's a damned lie!" and rushing for the thicket near at hand, he and his comrade were soon out of sight and on their way to Goose River to spread the alarm. The marauders proceeded to sack and burn Major Minot's house, as the Major in particular was a marked man. Lewis Ogier's cabin, on Ogier's point, was next visited. Mrs. Ogier seeing them approaching, took to her bed and feigned sickness. Entering, they ordered her to leave the house, as they were going to fire it. With the voice of an apparent invalid, she told them she could not leave her couch, and that she would die if removed. Out of sympathy for her the house was spared. After burning James Richard's house and several hay stacks and the house of a poor man by name of Thayer, who afterwards moved to Fox Islands, where his descendants now live, they then destroyed Minot's saw mill, and applied the match to the grist mill, but in cripple by reason of Dow from Belfast, quenched it. As often as they fired it, Dow would persistently extinguish the flames, despite of their roughness to him and threats of personal violence, until at last they relinquished their efforts by saying, "Well, we'll let it alone, as the damned rebels will die if we burn their mill." The valor of Dow saved the mill.

Williamson in his history of Maine, and the annals of Warren and other accounts, erroneously attribute its preservation to Metcalf. Our version is that of Robert Thorndike, who well recollects the circumstances as they occured. The settlers during these transactions had fled to the woods for safety, and with aching hearts saw from their retreat the smoke ascend from their burning dwellings. After accomplishing their destructive purposes, the invaders departed in their barges, hastened by shots from some of the settlers in ambush.

But the final result did not end here. Shortly after the Revolution, John Long, the tory who piloted the English on the above occasion, was at the inn of Peter Ott at Goose River now Rockport, when Robert Jameson, driving up to the tavern with his horse, went in for entertainment. As it was a cold day, he told Ott he wanted him to build up a good brisk fire, as he wanted to warm himself, and added that there was one man present that he was going to put on to burn. Thinking it was only a log that was piled on the wood, and soon there was a rousing fire. Jameson, who was a very stout man, then seized Long, and cord-wood fashion threw him on the fire. By the time Long got out of the fire-place his face and hands were blistered, and his hair badly singed and burned. "There," said J. to him after he was upon his feet again, "you will burn the harbor village again, will you?" As Long dared not retallate, it thus passed off.

Near the same period, (about the year 1779), Megunticook was again visited by the enemy. An American coaster being pursued by a British barge, containing about twelve men, was run ashore at Ogier's Cove, when the alarm was given to Metcalf, residing in that vicinity, who alarmed the neighboring settlers. They soon came to the rescue, and secreting themselves in ambush with their vessels now stranded, awaited the approach. When within shooting distance, a volley from three of the settlers' guns held them in check. Metcalf then ran out from the thicket and fired at them, when he would return, load again, and repeat the act. The enemy being kept at bay by their lives thus being put in jeopardy, concluded to withdraw. The settlers the next day, thinking the enemy would return to take the prize when the tide should be favorable, mustered those in the vicinity of Goose River, and awaited their appearance, but the English did not think it proper to renew the attempt. On the next rising tide, the vessel sailed for her destinatiohn.

☞One of the most remarkable experiences among savages was that of Wm. P. Day, a seafaring man, who recently arrived in New York. The sailing vessel Bona Juta left that city for a cruise along the Malay coast. While anchored off a little natural harbor six of the crew went ashore in a boat for the purpose of purchasing fruit and other things among the natives. While trying to drive a bargain with one of the chiefs, Mr. Day offended him. In loud and angry tones Zetzek gave some orders to his people, and forthwith the savages began throwing stones and sticks at the little party of sailors.

The sailors did not stop to fight, but ran as fast as they could toward their boat, which had been hauled upon the beach. The boat was somewhat heavy, and it required considerable effort to push it into the water. Four of the sailors jumped into the little craft, and the other two, Mr. Day and a man named Joe Mechard, remained out to push the boat off from the shore. Day and Mechard had just started the boat and were about to jump in themselves, when they were seized from behind by the chief and taken prisoners. His comrades did not return to their assistance, but rowed away towards their ship as rapidly as possible.

No sooner did Zetzek, the chief, get the captives safely away from the coast, than he commenced a series of cruelties which are almost beyond belief. A favorite amusement of the savages was to poke sticks into the fire, and when the ends were well burned they thrust them into the flesh of the captives, causing horrible burns and scars. After remaining several months in captivity, Mr. Mechard was taken sick with a disease somewhat similar to the Asiatic cholera, and died in a few hours.

After being about a year with the savages Mr. Day fell from a cliff and broke his leg, besides otherwise bruising and maiming himself, so that he was made a cripple for life. Being thus rendered useless to the savages, they took him to a Missionary Station, and the missionaries ransomed him by giving the savages some trinkets. Mr. Day took the next vessel that came to the Station, and left the Malay coast, arriving in New York a few days ago.

☞Valparaiso papers bring news of a dreadful gale at that port and immense damage to the shipping. The Chilian man-of-war schooship Valdivia broke adrift, and a dozen apprentices were drowned in lowering a boat. The man-of-war Esmerelda went down in shallow water. The crew were saved. The Guatemala barq ue Eden went ashore, but the crew were saved. The Nicaragua brig Trujillo was broken to pieces, and Captain Lanons and son were drowned. The French barque Jules Borde broke adrift and went ashore. The Pearl of the Ocean and her cargo were sunk. Another called the Egeria was sunk by an English barque, and the Laura McLenman, of which Capt. Harris and his wife and seven children were drowned. It is stated that the number of persons drowned will amount to fifty. Capt. Mills of the Pacific Steam Navagation Company's steamer Limena lowered a boat in the height of the tempest, which went to and returned from the wrecks five times, saving the lives of sixty persons. No further details of the earthquake in the valley of Cucuta have been received.

☞The gift to Dartmouth College from the late Hon. Tappan Wentworth will far exceed the amount first reported in our columns. Mr. Wentworth contemplated the gift of *half a million* of dollars, and the College will eventually receive that amount. The will provides that the whole of Mr. Wentworth's estate shall be given to the College with the exception of one or two small legacies and annuities, the latter of which the College pays. If the property does not amount to the round sum mentioned above, as probably it will soon, if it does not already, the will provides that it shall remain untouched until it shall equal such a sum. The laws of Massachusetts allow two years for the settlement of an estate, so that the property may not be available to the College for three or five years, though it may be sooner than that. The property is to constitute a permanent fund, of which the income will be used as the College sees fit. The donation is larger than any ever before made to Dartmouth and perhaps to any single one made to any New England College.

☞The fearful character and attending horrors of the earthquake in Colombia in May are fully confirmed by more recent dispatches:

"Arcuta is a dreadful sight. Everything in ruins; not a house remains standing.—Thieves and robbers from the surrounding country have swept down on the ill fated city and hardly a single safe has been saved from the Custom House. Pillage is general. 400 mules were killed in the streets and there is no one to remove them. The stench is becoming frightful. Villages of San Cristobal, Tanba, Guasimo, Cafracht, San Antonio, Lobatera, San Juan De Wrena, Rosano and San Dayetano are completely destroyed. Storehouse at Puoyto De Los Cachos was sacked and burned by the bandits.

A later dispatch from Ocana, May 30th, says 10,000 people were killed at Cucuta in addition to other thousands who were seriously wounded and bruised. Death and desolation reigned everywhere. Great numbers of haciendas were lost or destroyed and hundreds of houses in the country were overthrown, leaving people homeless and consigned to poverty. Many trees were torn from the roots and small hills were opened like a melon. The cause of the catastrophe is of course unknown, and the precise place of its first manifestation. Some suppose that the volcano of Sobatera, which was in action in 1848, is again breaking out, while others say that a new volcano has appeared in the hills of Grocha."

☞A correspondent of the Boston Traveller recalls a comical incident of the Bunker Hill celebration of June 17th, 1825—just fifty years ago, at which he was present. He stood at the very elbow of Webster when the orator began in the words which have become immortal: "Venerable men! You have come down to us from a former generation. You are now where you stood fifty years ago this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder in the strife for your country." At this allusion, so personal as if made to each man, up rose one of the most decrepit, and in a piping voice, responded: "Yes, I remember all about it. I stood just over there, and—" "Stop, stop a moment, my friend," said Mr. Webster, in a low, mild tone, "till I have finished, and then you shall have your say!" But it was only with difficulty that the old soldier was persuaded to sit down, so impressed he seemed to be that he was specially singled out to narrate the exploits in which he had taken part.

☞Judge Spence, Attorney for the Post Office Department, has given a decision to the Postmaster General, taking ground that postmasters are liable on their bonds for losses of government property while in their possession. It is the first time that an opinion has been given holding a postmaster responsible, on his bonds, for the loss of government property passing through the postoffice, and the particular case was,—a registered package containing about $200 worth of postage stamps was received at the Boston postoffice for transmission beyond. It was traced to that office and there missed. Through negligence of the postmaster or employes there, the sum was charged to the General Burt, the postmaster, who demurred in a letter to the Postmaster General, by whom it was referred to Judge Spence, who justifies the department in charging it to the Postmaster.

AN oriental traveller describes this busy scene, witnessed on historic shores: "Our steamer landed on a beach which was the port of Antioch, where the disciples were first called Christians. There was no low at the water's edge, no people, no wharf. The passengers and the merchandise were put ashore in lighters, which ran up into the sand. A troop of camels with their drivers, lay on the beach, ready to transport the goods into the interior. Among the articles landed were boxes marked 'DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.,' showing that they contained medicine and whence they came. These with other goods were loaded on the backs of camels, for transportation to Antioch. Thus the skill of the West sends back its remedies to heal the maladies of populations that inhabit those eastern shores, whence our spiritual manna came."—*Windsor (Vt.) Chronicle.*

☞If the gallant Robeson breaks up any Constitution he had better shatter his own than the old frigate, if he has any regard for a reputation. The indignation which has been excited by the news of this projected vandalism in these Centennial days ought to save "Old Ironsides" for another century. Identified as she is with Preble's victories over the Barbary pirates, with the sinking of the Guerriere, and the capture of the Java, the Cyane and the Levant, it would be a crying shame to have her broken up while her frame-work is still sound. Launched in 1797, and saved from demolition, years ago, by the popular feeling to which Holmes gave such stirring emphasis, she should be preserved as long as her timbers will hold together in memory of her past, and as an inspiration for the future.—*Globe.*

☞When we reflect that a power of endurance can be imparted to the brain, and that weak minds have been restored to strength by the use of Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, we cannot but conclude that some subtile power is really ponderable matter. Persons who study hard should preserve their balance of power by using the Syrup.

Thanks "From the Depths of the Heart."

WELLINGTON, Lorain Co., O., Aug 24, 1874.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—Your medicines, Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, have proved of the greatest service to me Six months ago no one thought that I could possibly live long. I had a complication of diseases—scrofula, manifesting itself in eruptions and great blotches on my head, that made such a one that I could not have my hair combed without causing me much suffering; also causing swollen glands, tonsils enlarged, enlarged "thick neck," and large and numerous boils. I also suffered from a terrible Chronic Catarrh, and in fact I was so diseased that life was a burden to me. I had tried many doctors with no benefit. I finally procured one-half dozen bottles of your Golden Medical Discovery and one dozen Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and commenced their use. At first I was badly discouraged, but after taking the contents of the Discovery I began to improve, and when I had taken the remaining I was well. In addition to the use of the Discovery I applied a solution of Iodine to the Goitre or thick neck, as you advise in pamphlet wrapping, and it entirely disappeared. Your Discovery is certainly the most wonderful blood medicine ever invented. I thank God and you, from the depths of my heart, for the great good it has done me. Very gratefully, MRS. L. CHAFFEE.

Most medicines which are advertised as blood purifiers and liver medicines contain either mercury, in some form, or potassium and iodine variously combined. All of these agents have strong tendency to break down the blood corpuscles and debilitate and otherwise permanently injure the human system, and should therefore be discarded. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, on the other hand, being composed of the fluid extracts of native plants, barks and roots, will in no case produce injury, its effects being strengthening and curative only. Sarsaparilla, which used to enjoy quite a reputation as a blood purifier, is a remedy of thirty years ago, and may well give place as it is doing, to the more positive and valuable vegetable alteratives which later medical investigation and discovery has brought to light. In Scrofula or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Spotted Neck, Goitre, Scrofulous Inflammations, Indolent Inflammation, Mercurial affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin and Sore Eyes, in any other blood disease, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has shown its great remedial powers, curing the most obstinate and intractable cases. Sold by all dealers in medicines.

Special Notices.

SCHENCK'S SEA WEED TONIC. In the atmosphere experienced here during the summer months, the lethargy produced by the heat takes away the desire for wholesome food, and frequent perspirations reduce bodily energy, particularly those suffering from the effects of debilitating diseases. In order to keep a natural healthful activity of the system, we must resort to artificial means. For this purpose Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic is very effectual. A few doses will create an appetite and give fresh vigor to the enervated body. For dyspepsia, it is invaluable. Many eminent physicians have doubted whether dyspepsia can be permanently cured by the drugs which are generally employed for that purpose. The Sea Weed Tonic in its nature is totally different from such drugs. It contains no corrosive minerals or acids; in fact it assists the regular operations of nature, and supplies her deficiencies. The tonic in its nature so much resembles the gastric juice that it is almost identical with that fluid. The gastric juice is the natural solvent which, in a healthy condition of the body, causes the food to be digested; and when this juice is not excreted in sufficient quantities, indigestion, with all its distressing symptoms, follows. The Sea Weed Tonic performs the duty of the gastric juice when the latter is deficient. Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic sold by all Druggists. 4t32

PURE MEDICINES.—The public are hereby cautioned against impure medicines, as every artifice is being used to force imitations upon the sick. Dealers in medicines especially, are warned against selling an imitation of "L. F." Atwood's Bitters, put up in the same style of bottle. The true article bears the signature of "L. F." Atwood, as well as the trade mark L. F. in Red ink, large letters.

N. B.—Parties aiding the sale of the imitation are liable to immediate arrest. 21tf

Confessions of a Victim!

Published as a warning and for the benefit of Young Men and others who suffer from Nervous Debility, Loss of Manhood, etc., giving his rules of Self-Cure, after undergoing much suffering and expense, and mailed free on receiving a post-paid directed envelope. Address NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, P. O. Box 188, Brooklyn, N. Y. 6m31

A medicinal preparation, and one which meets a want never before furnished to the invalid is *Hunt's Remedy*. It is the anchor of hope to the youth and aged of either sex, for the removal of kidney, bladder and glandular diseases, diabetes, dropsy, gravel, excesses and intemperance, mental and physical debility, and affections of the urino genital organs. It regenerates and buoys up the whole nervous system.

PYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATUS.—Universally acknowledged the best in use. Each pound bears the name of JAMES PYLE. None genuine without. 1y30

Married.

In Augusta, July 1, Samuel Pike to Mrs. Jane C. Smith; July 5, Robert Fisher to Adelia Fairbrother of Etna.

In Athens, June 16, Oscar Atwood to Flora E. Downs.

In Addison, June 24, Wm. H. Knowles to Alice Sawyer.

In Bath, July 5, Alex H. Sturgis to Sarah V. Merrill both of Pittston.

In Brunswick, Albert A. Verrdi to Mary Stillings, both of Auburn; June 29, Daniel R. Drake to Eliza F. Finn.

In Bethel, May 27, Levi N. Bartlett to Rowena M. Whitman; June 20, Elon D. Lary of Gorham, N. H., to Loanzie C. Cole.

In Biddeford, June 12, John Moulton, Jr. of Scarboro', to Eliza A. Foss of Saco; June 30, George H. Hooper to Josie Caief, both of Saco.

In Belfast, June 23, J. P. Williams of Fergus Falls, Minn., to Emma F. Stephenson.

In Bangor, June 29, Charles E. Adams of Brewer, to Grace C. Crawford; June 29, Horace P. Maddox to Lou C Raniett; July 1, Chas. E. Berry to M Ella Dowas; July 3, Fred A. Tomkins of Boston, to Mrs. Emma M. Burrill; Wm. H. Hall of Clifton, to Isore M. Grant of Otis.

In Bridgewater, June 22, Edward R. Gregory of St. John, N. B., to Sadie E. Kidder.

In Baileyville, June 19, Phillip Corr to Mary A. Coffren.

In Benicia, Cal., June 12, Rev. Richard B. Snell to Julia P. Ritchie of Searsport.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., June 5, Theodore A. Wadsworth of New York City, to Lizzie O. Wilbur of Eastport.

In Corinna, June 12, Charles E. Coleman of Etna, to Flora E. Kimball.

In Calais, June 27, Andrew J. Lindsey to Cassie Gray.

In Damariscotta, June 13, Moses Perkins of Nobleboro', to Julia Weeks of Bristol.

In Eastport, June 22, John B. McGregor, to Mary E. Reynolds of Marion.

In Farmington, June 15, John Thompson to Lydia A. True, both of New Vineyard; April 11, Edson W. Gardner to Clara M. Durr

Poetry.

The Old Meeting-House.

A pilgrim paused upon the hill that overlooked the dale,
O'er which the Indian Summer spread its soft, enchanting veil;
There lay the hamlet, as of old—a print in Nature's book;
There ran the bubbling waters of the ever-flowing brook;
And there, amid the neighbor trees, and pointing upward higher,
Stood the old parish meeting-house, and lifted up its spire.

Then passed before the pilgrim's view a vision of his youth,
When led within these sacred walls to hear of God and truth—
The pulpit, on its pedestal, with carvings quaint and rare;
The time-stained pews, devoid of paint, and ranged upon the square;
The wasp that would, with spring-time days, mysteriously come,
And flies that had a dusty look and sanctuary hum.

The good old dominie aloft, with reverential look,
The open volume spread before—that mighty folio book;
His moralizing sermon, and his matchless gift of prayer,
And sacerdotal robe of silk that graced his sacred air;
The canopy above his head, suspended by a hand—
A point of wonder to the child, and speculation grand;
The choir that in the gallery in solemn order stood,
Their venerable leader, half as musical as good;
His wooden pitch-pipe, dark with age, his beating motions quaint and rare;
Leading the old-time melodies of "Dundee" and of "Mear;"
And when his arm would slowly on through "Windham's" measures sweep,
The old would very solemn feel, and little sinners weep.

The congregation, old and young, were gathered there again;
The magistrate who kept a store and shining Sunday cane;
The honest farmer, gray and old—old-fashioned even then,
Who slept and woke and stroked his queue, and went to sleep again;
The good wife with her placid face set in a ruffled frill,
So redolent of piety, and caraway and dill.

The youngster, awkward in his best, but comfortless, array,
With redden face, and collar limp, a-sweating out the day;
The maiden, blooming as the flower that tastefully she wore;
The ranger and the black-a-moor together near the door;
While, unadmonished by the truths within the Gospel lines,
Some ne'er-do-well, in corner pew, was "cutting up his shines."

E'en the old dog, that knew full well whenever Sunday came,
And left off secular pursuits, and worriment of game,
To follow, like disciple meek, his goodly master there,
And calmly took his wonted place upon the pulpit stair;
And, ere he slept, would cast about in such a pious way
As said: You see a Christian dog that keeps the Sabbath day.

Where are they now? the pilgrim sighed—the congregation dear,
That gathered in the former days, to worship and to hear!
And, as he spoke, his vision fell where in the hazy light
"God's acre" lay in turfy mounds and monumental white;
No answer broke the stillness of the drowsy, dreamy air,
For answer none was needed well to tell him they were there.

Our Story Teller.

BETSEY'S BONNET.

"Well, Uncle Abel, now you are off for home, I suppose; trading all done, crops all bargained for, eh?" and John Dare lifted his hat and pushed back his thick hair as he stood on the hotel steps talking to a plain, country farmer in a suit of homespun gray.

"Wa'al, no not quite yet, John. I want to get Betsey a bunnit; a real nice one; just as good a one as a Yorker might want. 'Cause Betsey's worked awful hard this spring—Times are good, so I guess we'll see if my Betsey shan't look as good as anybody. S'pose you don't want to go along with me, do you?"

"Let me see—four o'clock—yes, I'll go, Uncle Abel. I'll look at the pretty girls, though; you won't mind that. Come on."

So they walked up the street, the fashionable attire of the young lawyer contrasting strongly with the antiquated cut of the farmer's garments, which at home were wont to lie in solemn state in the spare room all the week, only to be worn on Sunday with becoming carefulness. There was little likeness in the face—a trifle too fair for manly beauty, with its blonde moustache and setting of close brown curls—to the bronzed and beardless one, with the few locks, spare and gray, beneath the well-brushed hat; but the blue eyes were the same in both, and like those that were closed forever under the sod in the apple orchard on Uncle Abel's farm, where his dead sister was laid when Johnny was a tiny child. It troubled John not a whit to be seen with the plain farmer's jaunty attire, of his perfumed hair and well-gloved hand, his heart was as true as steel to the good friend of his boyhood, and the inquiring glance of his companions gave him no annoyance whatever.

They reached Madame Rozette's at last, and John lounged in the doorway and straightway engaged in the pleasant employment of finding out the prettiest face of the girls in attendance. Josie Mollet, radiant with smiles, and I think a little artificial bloom, came forward with the most bewitching glances to wait upon the farmer, who brought so attractive a person, with him; and fancying that she would show her superior quality by so doing, made up her mind to quiz Uncle Abel unmercifully.—Poor old man! He never was so miserable in all his life. In Rozette's he would have made no trouble whatever. Miss Crabtree, in her plain dress and cap with lavender ribbons, would have told him at once what to get; and her little gray eyes would not have confused him in the least.

But here was a fine lady, with a great circumference of black silk trailing out along the carpet, a waist no bigger than a wasp, a head on which the hair seemed struggling and trying to get away from the shining bands strapped tightly around it, and a pair of great black eyes looking straight at him, while the damsel held up one style after another, or tied them on coquettishly, but derived no help from him.

"Now, young woman, show me some of your best bonnets—real good ones. None of your old-fashioned poor things for my wife."

Having said this Uncle Abel felt that he had stated the case clearly and should have no more trouble.

Miss Josie sailed about and returned with a white chip gipsy, trimmed with blue, a shirred green satin with a red rose on it, and a gray straw trimmed with scarlet poppies.

"Now this will be just what, I am sure; only twenty-five dollars, too—so cheap and so becoming."

Uncle Abel confessed afterwards that he felt quite confounded at the great price, but he did not mean to let that Frenchified girl know it, so he only said, "Oh, that's the style, eh? It ain't a bit like Betsey's old one, though."

"Oh, no sir, the fashion has changed wonderfully. Now this gipsey is the newest thing out, and your wife would set the fashion I don't doubt."

She looked up at John Dare merrily, but could interpret the look in his eyes; so taking it for granted that it was an expression of admiration, she pursued the same strain.

"Just fresh from Paris; I am sure your wife would like that. Shall I try it on for you?"

"Wa'al, yes, I can tell better how it looks then. Now it looks just like a dish."

"There—it goes on this way;" and Josie pitched the little thing over her rosy face, tied the strings in a big bow knot, and swept down the length of the room. "Don't you like it?"

"Wa'al, it's kind o'purty; but it's awful queer; ain't it John?"

John thus appealed to, could only answer that he knew nothing in the world about women's bonnets," and took up his reverie, whatever it was, just where it was broken off. But looking idly in the long mirror opposite, he saw Josie making signs to another girl, and he soon found that they were amusing themselves vastly at the perplexity of their customer. He saw, too, that a pale, quiet girl, with smooth brown hair, looked up from her work indignantly, and he rather saw than heard her say: "For shame and grow crimson as she spoke.

His own face flushed a little as he became aware that Uncle Abel was being made the but of their jokes—good Uncle Abel, who was looking so admiringly at the fabrics incomprehensible to him, his old heart only full of the thought how he should make his present worthy of the patient soul for whom it was intended.

Then John was greatly perplexed; for as he said truly, he knew nothing about all that mysterious and bewildering arrangement of dress that he saw every day.

Still he knew that Aunt Betsey's spare locks, thinly sprinkled with gray, were not dressed in modern style, and he could not for the life of him see whereabouts on that dear old head any of those gipsys or fanchons would rest. He remembered that long ago Aunt Betsey was wont to twist her hair with the same energy that distinguished all her movements, and that this operation resulted in a hard knob at the back of her head like a door handle, which certainly, would not harmonize with these capeless head-dresses.

Just as his brow was overcast with this thought, the pale girl came near Uncle Abel, her cheek blushing as she did so in defiance of the other girls, holding in her hand a plain Leghorn bonnet, trimmed with violet ribbon.

She wore a mourning dress, and the plain brooch at her throat held a lock of gray hair. "I think this might suit you, sir," she said. "If your wife don't dress her hair in these fashions, these bonnets would not do at all. This is rich and plain, and covers the back of the head and neck."

"Wa'al now, tell me, for I have got so bothered with these things that I don't know one from t'other. I want to get a bonnet for Betsey, and I mean to. Now jest tell me if you would like your mother to wear one like this? Oh, I beg your pardon, ma'am. I didn't see," and he touched the sleeve of her black dress. "I—I—am sorry!"

The young girl brushed off a tear quickly as she said, "I have no mother now; but if you'll trust me, sir, I think this will suit."

She had stood, hitherto, just out of the range of John Dare's vision, and had not seen him at all. Something in the sound of her voice attracted him, perhaps, and when Uncle Abel called—

"Here, John Dare!" he stepped hastily enough toward them. The girl thrust the bonnet into Uncle Abel's hands, and would have been out of sight if her dress had not caught on one of the branching stands and held her fast.

"Amy!" and John Dare, with a hot flush on his face, caught her hand and so detained her. "Amy Egbert, have I found you at last?"

The girl's face grew white and red by turns, and the words she spoke came so low and broken that only John could catch their meaning.

Uncle Abel pushed his spectacles up on his forehead, still holding the hat in his hand, looking open-mouthed from one to the other.

"I guess you must have known this young woman afore, didn't you?" he said; but John was too busy with eager questions, and Amy was trembling and flushing as she tried to speak calmly, and so his question was unanswered. Pretty Josie was dividing her attention between a new customer and the strange scene beside her, and between anger and mortification was looking around in need of help from rouge, as she tossed her head, and muttered various uncourteous remarks in regard to "that Amy Egbert and her beau."

Uncle Abel held the hat a while longer quite patiently, but at last despaired of the interview being ended, so he coughed, and then said:—

"I'll take this bunnit. Twenty dollars is a good deal, Betsey's worth it, ain't she John?"

John need not have started so, or said "very," which wasn't a sensible answer at all; but Uncle Abel laughed a little to himself, and said, softly, "Oh, boys will be boys!" and he was obliged to tell Miss Egbert the direction over twice, too, and felt quite uneasy lest it should not arrive at his hotel in time.

Outside the door John turned to leave his uncle, and looked as shy as a girl, as he said, "It's all right, Uncle Abel. You've found a new bonnet, and I've found a——a——an old friend!"

Uncle Abel held his hand fast, and looked a moment, without speaking, in John's face in a wistful way; then said, looking in the young man's eyes, "she's a motherless girl, John!"

"Uncle Abel!" and John turned angrily away, or would have done so if the detaining hand had not held him with a grasp which for years to come should tell of "Look here my boy, I meant no offence. None of my blood turn villains," he added proudly; "but you see she's young and purty and and forlorn, and maybe, if you see too much of her, she might get to thinkin' more of you than would be good for her, and if you ain't in earnest I guess 'twould break her heart. Shake hands with your uncle, my boy, I mean no harm; but I promised 'Liza' when she was on her dyin' bed that I would allus try to give good advice, and the last words a'most that she spoke, says she, 'Abel, watch over my boy.'"

"My dear, kind uncle, I thank you—indeed I do—for all your kindness, but I could not bear to think that you should misjudge me. I knew Amy long ago, when her parents were both living, and she had all that wealth could give her. I loved her then in a quiet way, I was too poor to tell her so. Then came reverses and death, and in her poverty and pride the girl hid herself from me resolutely until now. She tried to earn her bread by her accomplishments, but failed, and gladly took this means to do so. Now, if I can win her for my wife, I shall bring Mrs. John Dare to see you some fine day this summer—may I Uncle Abel?"

So they parted, and the passers by little dreamed of all that had been said.

"Wa'al, wa'al, if things don't turn out queer!" soliloquized Uncle Abel, homeward bound, with a bandbox placed on the seat before him. "To think how near I come to gettin' one of them gipseys for Betsey. Why, she would have laughed a week about it. And then to think that painted pictur of a girl was making game of me all the while. And then the other one, with her gentle way, taking the trouble to tell a stupid fellow like me what was the right thing to buy. I guess she would make our John a good wife; and after Betsey and me has passed away, there'll be a nice bit of property coming to John, and that'll help him on."

How pleased Aunt Betsey was, to be sure, when the old man gave her the new bonnet! How fair and young she looked in the fresh ribbons and soft blond around the face! And how she laughed at the idea of wearing "one of them dish-covers on her head!"

Just when the country was in its June glory, John Dare brought his bride to the farm home where he had spent so many childish hours, and he led her to all the old familiar spots, from the weir in the brook to the grave by the orchard. But as long as a straw and ribbon may endure to keep them both in mind how John Dare found his wife, they tell the story of the time when Uncle Abel bought Betsey's bonnet.

Afraid of Becoming Witches.

Major Powell says, in his forthcoming book: The life of an Indian maiden is blithe and merry for a few years, but when she becomes a wife she is soon broken down with the pains of motherhood and the heavy labors which fall to her lot, and she soon becomes wrinkled, garrulous, cross, scolding, in fact, an old hag. Of course such hags are not pleasant company in camp, and in the belief of the Nuns such old hags grow uglier and meaner until they dry up and the whirlwinds carry them away, when they are transformed into witches; and lest such a fate should befall old women, they are taught that it is their duty to die when no longer needed, and if they do not die by natural means in a reasonable time they must commit suicide. This they seem willing to do rather than to meet the terrible fate of being transformed into witches and being compelled to live in snakeskins and wriggle about among the rocks, their only delight being to repeat the words of passers-by in mockery. I once saw three old women voluntarily starving themselves. I rode up to what was almost a deserted camp, the three old women only remaining, sitting by the fire and intently gazing into the embers. They seemed to heed not my approach, but sat there mumbling and groaning until they rose, each dragging up her weight with a staff, and then they joined in a sidewise, shuffling senile dance around the fire, propped by their staffs, and singing a doleful song; having finished which they sat down on their heels, and gazed in the fire, and I rode away. On coming to the new camp of the tribe the next day, and inquiring of Chui-sigan-um-peak, their chief, why these women were left behind, and what they were doing, I was informed they had determined to commit suicide, fearing lest they should be transformed into witches.

The Boxer and Enterprise.

Mr. Charles Tappan, who recently died at Washington, aged 90 years, narrates the following in his diary which must prove of historical interest.

"In 1813 I went with others in the Swedish brig Margaretta to St. John, N. B., and filled her with British goods, intending to take them to Bath, Maine, and enter them regularly and pay the lawful duties thereon. All we hoped for was American schooners; and we hired Capt. Blythe of the U. S. brig Boxer to convoy us to the mouth of the Kennebec river, for which service we gave him a bill of exchange on London for £100. We sailed in company, and in a thick fog off Quoddy Head the Boxer took us in tow. It was agreed that when we were about to enter the mouth of the river, two or three guns should be fired over us, to have the appearance of trying to stop us should any idle folks be looking on. Captain Burrows, in the United States brig Enterprise, lay in Portland harbor, and hearing the guns got under way, and as is well know, captured the Boxer after a severe engagement in which both captains were killed. Our bill of exchange we thought might cause us trouble, and we employed Esquire K. to take 500 specie dollars on board the captured ship, and exchange them for the paper which was found in Capt. Blythe's breeches pocket. —*Waterville Gazette.*

The Sultan of Zanzibar.

Barghash-bin-Said, Sultan of Zanzibar, is in England, and the question is asked why he visits that country at this particular time? Zanzibar is not a place that offers strong trade inducements to England, nor is the Sultan a particularly noticeable person in any way. But in the summer of 1873, this potentate signed a treaty with England for the suppression of the slave trade in his dominions. That treaty provided for the immediate cessation of the taking and transportation of slaves in and through the possessions of the Sultan; for the abolition of all slave markets, and the protection of liberated slaves until they could be cared for in some suitable manner. At the same time the document abolishes the transport of slaves from the mainland, and gives British cruisers full power to seize and confiscate any vessel found engaged in the slave traffic. The treaty was signed by Dr. Kirk for England, and by one of the relatives of the Sultan, appointed for that purpose.

Previous to the signing of the treaty, the traffic in slaves was carried on to a great extent in the Sultan's dominions. Slave-catchers fitted out parties on the soil of Zanzibar, and slaves were transported from its ports. At the same time it was openly reported that the Sultan pocketed a nice revenue from his winking at this practice. By the treaty of 1873, however, the Sultan was bound to put a stop to the traffic in slaves in his dominion, and all the points of the business were covered by an official Interdict on which appeared the signature of his representative.

Notwithstanding this, information has been constantly transmitted to England of such a character as to cast a doubt upon the sincerity of the Sultan. It was reported that slaves were still taken and disposed of on soil protected by the treaty of 1873, and that the Sultan would not use proper means to make his Sultanic promises governmental realities. Dispatches in relation to this matter passed between the authorities of England and those of Zanzibar, but they were barren of proper results. They were thin and vapory.

Now, however, the Sultan is in England. He will now meet the English Ministers face to face and settle all matters in relation to the treaty of 1873. Whether this visit was suggested by England cannot be told at the present time. But that it relates to the backing and filling of the Sultan upon the slavery question in Zanzibar cannot be questioned. Perhaps more light will be shed upon the whole matter in a short time. England will feed and parade the Sultan to his heart's content, but at the same time the treaty and its obligations will be suspended over his head.

His Children.

William B. Astor had a superior wife and she strove to do good among the poor, but there were difficulties in the way, as the public generally understood. They have two daughters, married to men of character, the names being Cary and Delano, and they live up town in handsome style. There are three sons. Henry, a weak-minded man who has been kept carefully out of the public gaze, William and John Jacob. The latter is a portly man of large build and has passed his fortieth year. He is heir apparent to the largest part of the estate, it being the intention of the old man to keep it unbroken as long as possible. Of William, the second son, so little has been heard that were it not for his expected wealth he would be merely one out of our million of inhabitants. Henry was kept for many years at the farm in Barrytown (between this city and Albany), and as he is mentally deficient it was intended to make that an asylum for him. He defeated these plans, however, by making a match with a country girl, who had no objection to hitch on to an opulent family, and the latter was taken by surprise at an event which shows how low down in capitalists. John Jacob married about twenty-five years ago, and the oldest son has just graduated at the law school. The object no doubt was to give him such an acquaintance with this profession as will enable him to manage the vast estate. Instead of setting up his sign and waiting for clients, he will have enough to do in that office which contains the deeds to forty acres in the most important city in America. To go back to the late of the centenarian, what a difference between the young Astor of the present day and his ancestor who a hundred years ago was helping his father draw pork on the banks of the Rhine!

☞In New York city, not long since, a Mr. Young, a wealthy man, about fifty-five years old, sought in marriage a young woman aged twenty-three. She considered his wealth, thought how nice it would be to live as the wife of so rich a man, and consented. They were duly married; and then the young woman discovered, that, two or three days previous to the marriage, he had secretly conveyed to his daughters $150,000 worth of real estate in the city. She had not bargained for this. The bargain was different. Therefore she brought a suit, in the supreme court, to have the conveyance set aside, on the ground that it was a fraudulent transaction intended to deprive her of her right of dower. She pleaded that this right was part of the consideration which induced her to marry the man. He conveying the property to his daughters he had violated the contract between them. She was defrauded; and by concealing the transaction he had induced her to marry him on conditions very different from those to which she had agreed. The facts were incontestible, and the court decided in her favor. The secret conveyance was set aside. There may be an appeal from this decision, which establishes a rule of no little importance. If the decision is sustained, rich old men who seek poor women in marriage, will understand that no cheating will be allowed. If they rely on their wealth as a resistless attraction, they shall not swindle the young women who may be won by it. They must fulfil the contract.

No More Hollerin'.

"Boy, did you holler on the street?" asked his Honor of Jerry Keary.

"I don't know if I did," replied the lad in trembling tones.

"I fear you did, my son, and it was very wrong. I knew a boy who used to go around hollerin and raising Cain. From that he got to stealing; then he forged; then he poisoned his wife; flung his children into a well and butchered his mother-in-law. They hung him, and his last words were not to holler on the streets."

"I'll never holler no more!" sobbed the boy.

"Very well: you may go. I shall keep track of you, and I hope you will heed this lesson. Be a good boy, wear your hair long, go around softly, and some day you may become as bald-headed and as famous as Bijah."

And the boys went out and sang:

If ever we holler again,
If ever we raise a row,
May measles and rash
Quick settle our hash
If ever we holler again.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Dr." or Mr.?"

The physicians of England are always known by the simple title of "Mr." and all efforts to revolutionize public settlement so as to authorize the assumption of the title of "Doctor" have, to use a medical term, proved abortive. The Royal College of Physicians of London has announced that it does not recognize nor sanction the assumption of the title of "Doctor" by its licentiates of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburg, or of the King and Queen's College of Ireland, any right, as such, to style himself "Doctor." The *British Medical Journal*, which communicates this information, adds that a university degree alone gives this distinguishing title to graduates in medicine. An American physician of good standing lately attempted to pass as "Doctor" in London, but he felt the stern grasp of the law, and now practices as "Mr." Blank.

AN ANCIENT DEED. A deed existing at the present time in England was made A. D. 974, by Edgar, King of England, and conveyed to one of his thanes three "hides" of land in Devonshire, the site of three modern villages called Nymet. The parchment is almost an exact square, measuring twelve or thirteen inches on each side. The body of the writing is in Latin, the description of the property in Anglo-Saxon, and the indorsement a medley of both languages. The deed is short, but contains some strong expressions. "I, Edgar, King, have confirmed the said grant," is the first signature. Then Æthelfrith, Queen, consentsen; Dunotan, Archbishop, corrobrates, seconded Oswald, Archbishop of York; while twelve bishops, twelve abbots, four dukes and ten ministers "strengthen" it.

☞A New Orleans policeman before light the other morning, came upon a stranger pacing before the station-house, and on inquiry found he had been doing the same all night, waiting for a lady. "She's a good while coming, ain't she?" said the officer. "Yes, but poor thing, she ain't to blame; they've got her locked up there," pointing to the station," and as soon as she gets out we're going to get married. She's got a lottery ticket, and I found out last night it had drawn a pile. She's no idea of it, you know."

Young Folks' Column.

Totty's Arithmetic.

One little head, worth its whole weight in gold,
Over and over, a million times told.

Two shining eyes, full of innocent glee,
Brighter than diamonds ever could be.

Three pretty dimples, for fun to slip in,
Two in the cheeks and one in the chin.

Four lily fingers on each baby-hand,
Fit for a princess of sweet Fairy-land.

Five on each hand, if we reckon Tom Thumb,
Standing beside them, so stiff and so glum!

Six pearly teeth just within her red lips,
Over which merriment ripples and trips.

Seven bright ringlets, as yellow as gold,
Seeming the sunshine to gather and hold.

Eight tiny waves running over her hair,
Sunshine and shadow, they love her share.

Nine precious words that Totty can say,
But she will learn new ones every day.

Ten little chubby, comical toes;
And that is as far as this lesson goes.

—*St. Nicholas.*

About Grizzlies.

BY L. A. B. C.

The lion has long held sway in song and story as the "king of beasts;" but in California the blaze of his royalty is quite extinguished by the power and might of the grizzly bear.

Once, in the early times, a miner started from Oreville, a central trading-post, with a few supplies for his diggings in Mud Canon. He was on horseback and sunset was upon him as he entered the pine-woods trail, two miles from the diggings. But he was a brave fellow, and scarcely thought of danger, for he was quite familiar with the way. He had scarcely entered the woods, however, before he found the path suddenly contested by a horrid monster, which rose up on its haunches, and before he could draw a weapon or run away, struck him senseless to the earth, breaking an arm, and severely lacerating his shoulder with its cruel claws. But the severity of the blow, doubtless, saved the man's life, for the grizzly, thinking him dead, dug a hollow, rolled in its prey, and covered him with leaves, as is the custom of this animal, intending, no doubt, to return later and make a meal of him.

In the meantime the frightened horse had returned to the trading-post, with the saddle covered with blood; and a party quickly formed to go to the rescue. They found the wounded man, covered with leaves, as the bear had left him, just returning to consciousness. They bore him back to Oreville, where he was well cared for, and next day turned out to hunt the grizzly. Before night it was captured, and, when dressed, weighed four hundred pounds.

The comrades of the wounded miner took the bear meat and "peddled it out" among the various diggings in the vicinity, for the benefit of the disabled man. As each pound of meat readily brought a dollar, you will see that the bloodthirsty animal paid very well for his mischief.

Several men have been able to escape from the clutches of these terrible creatures by feigning death. A Indian-Portuguese boy was recently herding sheep in a southern county, and was attacked by a grizzly bear. Although severely lacerated by its sharp claws, he had the hardy presence of mind to preserve the semblance of insensibility, while the bear pawed him about, rolled him over and over, and at length covered him with earth and leaves, and retired. After a while the boy crept out and made his escape.

Some years since a grizzly cub was brought to Hardy's Ranch, and allowed to grow up there. He was very sagacious and gentle, and was never confined. He was carefully trained to many amusing tricks, and readily drove away cattle, and did much useful service, like a dog. He seemed to know all the cattle belonging to the place, and as he was never fierce, they were not at all afraid of him. One day, when he had grown to be quite a grizzly, some strange oxen appeared in the road a little way from the house, which was a favorite country inn. Somebody bade the dogs drive the cattle away, and the dogs rushed out, followed by "Kit," the grizzly, who was a lazy, lumbering fellow, and only went out a little way and sat up on his haunches, with his fore-paws dropping down, to watch the fun.

The cattle did not mind the dogs much, but continued feeding about, until presently they spied the grizzly. Such an excitement! The cattle snorted, bellowed their wavery and then charged upon poor Kit, tumbled him over, and would have torn him in pieces, if he hadn't been so tough. He recovered from his surprise enough to get away from them, and proved himself a sad coward by running to the house, crying with fear at the top of his voice. Although all the ferocious elements seemed to be tamed out of him, Kit developed an astonishing talent for mischief, which ultimately led to his untimely death.

He had been taught to drink from a bottle—an accomplishment in which he took much delight. First, the bottle contained sweetened water, then whiskey was added, until Kit would go reeling and staggering about, quite like a man.

One night the "pop-beer" man stopped at the Ranch, leaving his wagon, as usual, before the door. In the morning, Kit was found standing behind the wagon, helping himself to beer. He would take up a bottle, bite the wire off with his teeth, strike the bottom upon his other paw to make the cork fly out, then luxuriously drink the contents, and throw the bottle away. The number of bottles strewed around, and the nearly empty wagon, proved that he had been industrious, and was exceedingly fond of beer.

Loaded teams were constantly stopping here, and Kit showed great curiosity in investigating their contents. If he found anything eatable, he would tear open sacks of flour, grain, potatoes, rice, and after eating all he could himself, sit up on the wagon and feed the rest to the pigs that ran about the premises.

This sport at length became too expensive to the parties who were responsible for Kit's behavior, and after he had damaged several loads of grain and flour, and eaten nearly a barrel of sugar, a court-martial was called, and Kit was sentenced to be shot.

Those who had treated him to whiskey were sorry to part with the jolly comrade, but they asserted that he made very good eating.

Alas poor Kit!

But I will not moralize. If there is a moral to the story, I cheerfully dedicate it to those who are moralists or temperance lecturers by profession.—*Oliver Optic's Magazine.*

The Goose's Sign.

Minnie was six and Bessie four years old when their aunt took them to her country home, where they were to spend a few weeks. It was a delightful spring morning when they arrived. All was life and bustle on the farm, and everything was new and strange to the little girls.

They romped with calves and lambs, fed the chickens, gathered fresh eggs, chased butterflies, and pulled the flowers. They were very, very tired when they kneeled down by the bed that night to say their prayers. Just then a loud noise was heard from the geese.

"What's that," said Bessie.

"I guess the geese are saying their prayers," said the wise little Minnie.

"I think so," said Bessie, and continued her devotions.

In the night they were waked by another loud noise from the geese.

"Do they say their prayers twice?" asked Bessie.

Minnie, who always tried to impress her younger sister with her own superiority by answering questions wisely, reflected a moment, and then said:

"I expect they've been asleep, and now they've waked up and are telling their dreams."

"I 'spect so." said Bessie; and soon both children and geese were asleep again.

The next morning little Bessie said:

"O, aunty, I had such a funny dream! I dreamed the geese dreamed about me. I thought they all waked up and told their dreams, and one of them talked so plain I heard all she said. She quacked a little minute, and then said, 'I dreamed it was morning, and Bessie brought us some corn for breakfast.' Now what's that a sign of, auntie?"

"It is a sign you will do so, and you can make the goose's sign come true by taking this out and throwing it upon the ground near them," said the aunt, handing her a cup of corn.

Bessie trudged away with the corn, and so the goose's sign came true.—*Youth's Companion.*

☞The electric telegraph. "Wife, I don't see, for my part, how they send letters on them 'ere wires without tearin' 'em all to bits." "La! me, they don't send the paper; they just send the writing in a fluid state."

☞"Cut that meat for you—of course I will," said a Kansas waiter, as he strapped a case knife on his boot leg. The guest was one of your particular men from Boston, and he got up and left the table.—*Detroit Free Press.*

☞He who receives a favor should never forget it; he who gives one should never remember it.

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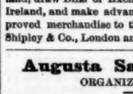

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